

From The British Quarterly Review.

BEAUMARCHAIS AND HIS TIMES.

1. *Beaumarchais et son Temps. Etudes sur la Société en France au XVIII. Siècle; d'après des documents inédits.* Par Louis de Loménie. Paris: Levy Frères. 1856.
2. *Œuvres complètes de Beaumarchais, précédées d'une Notice sur sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Par Saint Marc Girardin. Paris: Chez Lefevre. 1835.

THERE is no more interesting, or we may add no more instructive, study than biography. Without biography, and especially autobiography, it is impossible that the history and manners of a time can be perfectly understood or correctly presented by the historian of a country. The English language is rich in biographies and autobiographies; and if memoirs are to be comprised in this category, containing, as they frequently do, the story of a life, or lives, our neighbors and allies are still richer than ourselves in a delightful species of literature.

The two volumes before us, consisting of more than eleven hundred pages of printed matter, have certainly cost their author a considerable expenditure of labor. M. de Loménie has to our own knowledge been more than five years engaged in his task: so that it is from no hurry or precipitation—from no indiscreet haste in rushing into print, that he has failed in producing a perfect book. The amount of materials placed at his disposal was very large, though somewhat confused and indigested; but it does not appear to us that he has always made the best use of these materials, or that he has succeeded in giving a complete biography of Beaumarchais, or truthful and graphic sketches of the society in which the author of *Figaro* lived and moved. Still less has M. de Loménie realized his purpose of giving us a perfect idea of society as it existed in France in the eighteenth century, though he has confessedly added considerably to our knowledge of facts and means of judgment. It is not to be denied that the author of the work under review has thrown considerable light on certain epochs in French history with which the name of Beaumarchais is inseparably bound

up; but he has failed, we think, in giving us a living flesh and blood picture of the society—of the men and women who were actors and contemporaries of Beaumarchais on the great stage of life—in the sixty-seven years of that chequered, ever-varying, and agitated existence which passed between 1732 and 1799. This is altogether the fault of M. de Loménie, for he received from the son-in-law and grandson of Beaumarchais all the papers left by that alert, mobile, restless, and energetic personage, who was a perfect type of what the Italians and Spaniards call the *furia francese*. The very abundance of M. Loménie's materials may have encumbered, if it has not appalled him. But, if he had made these materials his own by a proper labor of the brain and hand—if he had winnowed and recast them, and then arranged and re-written the whole with a due regard to chronological sequence, we cannot but think his volumes would have been to readers, both foreign and native, much more interesting and satisfactory. In a preface to his work, M. de Loménie takes occasion to state that English biographers do not sufficiently distinguish between narrative and citation, or establish a due and fitting proportion between the two, thus frequently abusing the patience of their readers by citing letters, speeches, essays, treatises, and other productions of their heroes at inconsiderate length. This is, doubtless, an abuse observable enough in certain biographers in our language; but it is also an abuse from which these volumes are assuredly not free. The current of the narrative of the life of Beaumarchais is frequently impeded, not to say obstructed, by letters and extracts set forth at far too great a length, the pith and point of which might have been given in a few lines, had M. de Loménie taken the pains to abridge or to make the matter his own by recasting and condensing it. The fault of the volumes before us is, that they are unnecessarily diffuse. All that it is necessary to know of *Beaumarchais and his Times* might have been better conveyed in a single volume of 400 or 500 pages, in which the narrative portion might have been given more briefly, rapidly, and

strikingly than it is conveyed in two ponderous volumes.

The French in general, to do them justice, recur but sparingly in biography to documentary matter. If a vast mass of documents be presented for any particular biography, the better custom among our neighbors is to eliminate, and, after elimination, to distil, so to speak, the residuum into a highly-concentrated spirit. This is the essential oil or essential essence of biography, savoring of the character and habits, and flavored with the mental and moral idiosyncrasy of the being whose life, manners, tone of thought, and *manière d'être* are all extracted and expressed. Such a biography M. de Loménie has not given us. He has not winnowed or sifted the mass of materials placed before him, but has thrown before the public, *in extenso*, a vast deal of hitherto unpublished matter, which often illustrates his views, but not seldom fatigues, by its endless prolixity. Sometimes these citations do not very well fit in with the text; and let it be said in passing, that the text partakes somewhat of the style of patchwork. You feel that the author of the biography, though a sensible, well-read, and well-informed man, with a good deal of taste and commendable candor, has made up his book of shreds—that his “web,” to use the illustration of Shakspeare, is of “a mingled yarn,” in which there is wool of all qualities and colors intermixed. The greater part of these two ponderous volumes have been already published in separate papers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from which separate papers an article was compiled for *Fraser's Magazine*, if we remember rightly, more than two years ago.

To us, we confess, it appears that the articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* have somewhat spoiled the biography. In a review the intercalated matter may not only be pleasantly, but now and again profitably, introduced. But in a distinct and separate biographical work, such variations and transitions in a word, the introduction of such foreign matter, detracts from the requisite unity and homogeneity. Every one acquainted with French literary society is aware that M. de Loménie began by being the pupil, and ended in being the *suppléant*, of the academician Ampère, *au Collège de France*. Jean Jacques Ampère, the son of the celebrated mathematician of that name, co-oper-

ated with M. Guizot in contributing to the *Revue Française*, and when that publication ceased, transferred his pen to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is, therefore, natural enough, that the pupil and friend of Ampère should have addressed himself to a publication, such as the *Revue*, in which his articles would find a ready acceptance. What we maintain here and are concerned on insisting on is, that the shape, form, and tone of thought given to these articles has had an unhappy influence on the biography, and given it a character somewhat *décousu*.

M. de Loménie is not quite correct in saying that there exists no memoir of Beaumarchais, with the exception of the two volumes in which are contained his *factums judiciaires*. A succinct, yet satisfactory memoir of Beaumarchais, was prefixed by M. Saint Marc Girardin to his edition of the *Oeuvres complètes de Beaumarchais*, published one-and-twenty years ago, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. An equally short, though less satisfactory, but more graphic biography of Beaumarchais, appeared about the same epoch, from the fertile pen of M. Jules Janin. Beaumarchais was certainly one of the most active and stirring of a specially active and restless generation. He never allowed, to use a somewhat vulgar but expressive phrase, the grass to grow under his feet. His light was not under a bushel; and in the diversity of his avocations, and the *eclat*, not to say scandal, incident to some of them, would be found joined to the memoirs or *factums* which he published, sufficient matter to furnish the better portion of a volume.

Though we have taken exception to the manner in which M. de Loménie has mingled together extract and narrative, and think he might have composed a better book in re-writing and recasting his materials, yet we find no fault with the spirit in which this task has been executed. The author has been throughout perfectly fair and thoroughly candid and impartial in his estimate of Caron de Beaumarchais. Though the Messieurs Delarue furnished him with papers and documents, he has not in consequence deemed it necessary to pronounce a panegyric on their kinsman. On the other hand, he has not unfairly depreciated or run him down, but has held the scales evenly between the subject of his book, and his readers, the public.

Without concealing or palliating the weak points of Beaumarchais, he has shown us that he was often more sinned against than sinning; that he possessed an excellent and feeling heart, a kindly nature, and an obliging and generous disposition.

The manner in which M. de Loménie states that he became possessed of the MSS., on which he has drawn so largely, is especially interesting :

"Conducted," he says, "by a grandson of Beaumarchais, I entered a house in the street of the *Pas de Mule*. We ascended an attic, into which no mortal had penetrated for years. Opening, not without difficulty, the door of this nook, we raised a cloud of dust, quite suffocating. I ran to the window to inhale a mouthful of air, but the window, like the door, had become difficult to open, and resisted all my efforts. The wood, swollen by the damp and partially rotten, seemed to give way in my hand, when I resorted to the wiser plan of breaking two of the panes. We were now enabled to breathe. The little hole of a room was filled with cases and boxes crammed with papers. There was there before me in that uninhabited and silent cell, covered with a thick dust, all that remained of one of the most strange, lively, bustling, and agitated existences of the last century. I had before me all the papers left fifty-four years ago by the author of the *Marriage of Figaro*."

A portion of these papers was arranged with care. It was that part having relation to the numerous affairs of Beaumarchais as litigant, merchant, shipbuilder, contractor, administrator, &c. The remaining portion, consisting of literary and biographical matter, was in the greatest disorder. The arrangement had been confided to the cashier Gudin, who, like a zealous clerk, had subordinated everything to matters of business; meaning by business, matters of commercial and pecuniary interest. After having disinterred from this chaos the manuscripts of the three dramas and the opera of Beaumarchais, M. de Loménie vainly sought for the MSS. of the *Barber of Seville* and the *Marriage of Figaro*, when a trunk presented itself, of which no key could be found; and on this being opened by the aid of a locksmith, the two missing MSS. were discovered at the very bottom of the box, covered with the corrections, additions, and alterations of the author, and lying under a mass of useless papers. By the side of the MSS. were the works of a

watch or clock, executed on a large scale in copper, with the following inscription:— "*Caron filius ætatis 21 annorum regulatorum invenit et fecit, 1753.*" This was the first invention by which the young watchmaker signaled himself on his entrance into life. The juxtaposition in the same trunk of two objects so different, as a masterpiece of watch-making and two masterpieces of dramatic writing, had in it, as M. de Loménie remarks, something piquant, reminding one of that Eastern monarch who placed in the same chest his shepherd's dress alongside his royal mantle. At the bottom of the trunk also were some portraits of women. One of them was a small miniature, representing a handsome woman of from twenty to twenty-five. The portrait was wrapped up in a paper, on which these words were written in a fine hand;— "*Je vous rends mon portrait.*" Gracious and fragile remnant, says M. de Loménie, in relating the circumstance—gracious and fragile remnant; but yet less fragile than us mortals, for it survives us. What, he asks, is become of this beautiful woman of eighty years ago, who, doubtless, to seal a lover's quarrel, forwarded her portrait? The answer to this inquiry can best be given in the words of the old ballad of *Dames du temps jadis*, by Villon.

"Dietes moi où, ne en quel pays  
Est Flora la belle Romaine,  
Archipiada ne Thaïs  
Qui fut sa cousine germaine?  
Echo parlant quand bruyt ou maine  
Dessus rivière ou sus estan  
Qui beauté eut trop plus qu'hūmaine,  
Mais où sont les neiges d'autan." \*

It would appear that Beaumarchais had intended to write the history of his own life, for on a large collection of papers containing his correspondence with M. de Sartines, and the detail of his travels and proceedings as secret agent of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., there are these words written in his own hand: "*Papiers originaux remis par M. de Sartines, matériaux pour les memoires de ma vie.*" Lower down is, in the same hand, "*inutiles aujourd'hui.*" These latter words, written in the old age of Beaumarchais under the first republic—at a period when he had a lawsuit with the Government, and when his affairs were in confusion—sufficiently indicate that he did not wish to leave a dis-

\* D'autan de l'an passe.

puted inheritance to his daughter, or to injure his own memory in blazoning forth his services as secret agent of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. (for such he undoubtedly was), and his connection with their ministers. It is to be regretted that Beaumarchais did not accomplish his intention of writing an autobiography. No man's life was filled with more stirring incidents, and there is no one of his age as to whom more fables were invented. It may be added, that though Beaumarchais was not calculated to excel in a serious or sustained work requiring very deep thought or reflection, yet that he possessed, and in a high degree, too, that particular kind of talent and *esprit*—that sagaciousness, clearness, fluency, flow of animal spirits, flexibility, and power of dramatizing, so desirable in a biographer. The want of a life of this remarkable man was sought to be supplied, not long after his death, by his friend Gudin, who had known him for thirty years, and who like himself, was the son of a watchmaker. But the widow of Beaumarchais, having read the 419 pages of Gudin's MS. in 1809, was not satisfied with it, and it never was published. Till Saint Marc Gerardin, Jules Janin, Villemain, and Saint Beuve had written biographies and appreciations of Beaumarchais, there was scarcely any other account of the man than the one published by La Harpe in his *Cours de Littérature*, in 1800; an account meagre in itself, and wanting both in dates and details. It was while M. de Loménie was pondering on these materials, and considering, in delivering his course of lectures at the College de France, the influence that Beaumarchais exercised on his generation in a literary, social, and political sense, that he accidentally became possessed of the papers of the deceased author in the manner he so graphically describes. The information contained in these papers is great, and the details numerous; but we shall endeavor to compress the most important particulars within the compass of an article.

Pierre Augustin Caron—who assumed, when he was twenty-five years of age, the name of de Beaumarchais—was born on the 24th of January, 1732, in the shop of a watchmaker of the Rue St. Denis—a street in which not only Regnard, the best comic poet after Molière, but Scribe, and greater than Scribe, Béranger, first saw the light of

day. The family of the father of Beaumarchais was humble: but the intellectual culture of old Caron appears to have been superior to that of a Parisian tradesman of the present day, and his manners certainly were superior in ease and good breeding to the bearing of the modern Parisian shopkeeper, who is too often brusque and uncivil, and occasionally wholly unpolished and bearish. The eighteen years' reign of the citizen king has too generally diffused among the shopkeeping classes of Paris a material and sordid sensualism, and the Republic and the Empire have only added cynicism and coarseness to selfishness, avarice, and other vices not necessary to dwell on here. A century ago, the aristocracy of a polished court occasionally, as M. de Loménie truly remarks, mixed with the *bourgeoisie*, and had an influence, by their language and demeanor, over the tone of civic life. But the best of French aristocracy now lives far removed from Paris, and its place in the social scale is filled by political and commercial adventurers, by *agents de change*, by jobbers on the Bourse, or by men who have made large heaps of money by successful speculations in the *crédit foncier*. To return, however, to the father of Beaumarchais. André Charles Caron was descended of a Protestant Calvinist family which had held to its faith unconvinced by the eloquence of Bossuet, and undismayed by the persecution of the *dragonnades*. While yet young, André Charles enlisted in a regiment of dragoons; but after a short service obtained his discharge, and came to Paris to study watchmaking. A month after his arrival he abjured Calvinism, and was received into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church by Cardinal Noailles, on the 7th of March, 1721. Beaumarchais was therefore born into the Roman Catholic faith; but we agree with M. de Loménie in thinking that the religion of his ancestors was not without its influence on his character and tone of thought, while it serves further to explain—for there is no need to justify—the zeal he displayed in all questions relating to the interests and welfare of the Huguenots. The father of Beaumarchais had six children, five of them daughters, and the young Caron, the only boy among them. He was naturally “*l'enfant gâté de la maison*,” and exhibited in infancy the gay, frolicsome, and lively spirit which never deserted him in his latter



years in his greatest misfortunes. From one of his letters we learn that the precocious youth was about to kill himself for a love affair, at the early age of thirteen; but the sombre and melancholy fit passed away, and he was soon as waggish and frolicsome as ever, as we learn from an epistle, in verse, of his sister Julia. Caron, the pervert father, like many other over-zealous Papists, *donna dans la dévotion*, and fined his son twelve sous if he entered the *Grande Messe* after the Epistle, twenty-four sous if he arrived after the Gospel, and a whole month's pocket-money if he came in after the Elevation of the Host. But notwithstanding all this severity, the droll young caitiff laughed in his sleeve at periwigs and perruques, and turned many a joke against the sleek and unctuous *prêtre-traille* of the day. We have few details as to Beaumarchais' school-life. He neither studied at the university nor with the Jesuits, but was brought up at the school of Alfort, which since has become a place of renown as the cradle of the great Veterinary School of France. At twelve years old he made his first communion at the convent of the Minimes, which was then near the forest of Vincennes, and was seized with a violent liking for an old monk who zealously sermonized him, seasoning his discourse with a capital luncheon, "I went to the old fellow," says Beaumarchais himself, "every holiday;" but whether for the sermon, the salmi, the sausages, or the sauterne with which the good things were washed down, does not distinctly appear.

Beaumarchais left school in his thirteenth year, and soon after addressed a letter in verse to two of his sisters, who had crossed the Pyrenees, one of them being married in Spain. This letter, to use the words of M. de Loménie, is distinguished by an "astonishing precocity, more particularly when it is considered that the classical instruction of the author was slight and scanty. Immediately on quitting school the lively youth was apprenticed to his father the watchmaker. It is clear he was not a model apprentice. To an almost fanatical passion for music he joined less innocent and less defensible tastes; so that his father had some difficulty in governing this impetuous and dissipated youth. At length in his eighteenth year, he was for a time banished from the paternal residence, when he took up his abode with some relatives. Peace, however, was soon established

between father and son on certain conditions. Beaumarchais returned to his home, and so completely devoted himself to his art, that, at twenty years of age, he had discovered a new *échappement*, or escapement for watches. M. de Loménie tells us, that a celebrated watchmaker, by the name of Lepaute, to whom the young man had confided his invention, appropriated it to himself, and announced it as his own in the *Mercure* of September, 1753. The young Caron, however, replied in a clever letter to the same journal, and after two commissions had been named by the Academy of Sciences, it was decided that the invention belonged of right to Beaumarchais. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that an *échappement à chevilles*, invented by one Amat, was improved and perfected by Lepaute—a fact of which M. de Loménie makes no mention; and a clock on a large scale with this kind of escapement exists at this moment—or at least existed in August and September last year—in the Cabinet of Natural History in the Garden of Plants. It may not be unnecessary to remark, that, within a year after he had defended his invention, Beaumarchais was appointed watchmaker to the king. Shortly before he received this appointment, he had presented the smallest watch which had been hitherto made, and with the particular escapement in question, in a ring to Madame de Pompadour.

As *horloger du roi*, and watchmaker to the king, the princes and princesses, Beaumarchais had the *entree* to Versailles. In July, 1754, as we learn from a letter of his addressed to one of his cousins, a watchmaker at London, he states that he was favorably recognized by Louis XV., who ordered a repeating watch of him. Till his four and twentieth year, it appears the ambition of young Beaumarchais was limited to the production and selling of watches. How he commenced to have other views and objects in life does not clearly appear. We know, indeed, from his friend Gudin, that the fair sex at Versailles admired his form and figure, the regularity of his features, his brilliant complexion, commanding air, &c., &c., &c., and other personal advantages, *quos nunc prescribere longum est*. This general statement of the biographer might seem to be a remark of the modest Beaumarchais himself, which the complaisant Gudin had jotted down, did we not know from other sources

that a lady who had seen Beaumarchais at Versailles actually made a journey express to Paris to visit his shop in the Rue St. Denis, under the pretext that her watch needed repairs. The lady was not precisely what is called a *grande dame*, but she was the wife of a "*controleur clerk d'office de la maison du roi*," one Pierre Augustin Francquet. This office or employment was transmissible from father to son, and when the lady, with watch in hand, came to visit Beaumarchais, her husband was very old and infirm. Though the wife was not young, yet, on the other hand, she was not old, having just attained her thirtieth year, being six years the senior of Beaumarchais. It may be supposed the young watchmaker used his best efforts to repair the watch confided to him. So well did he accomplish his task, that at the end of a few months, M. Francquet was conscious that his age and infirmities prevented him from properly filling his employment of *controleur*, and that he could not do better than yield the place to the young Caron, in consideration of a life-annuity. This arrangement being acceptable to all parties, Beaumarchais renounced his business as a watchmaker, and was inducted into his new employment by royal patent of the 9th November, 1755. This *controleurs d'office* were not only employed in the "*repas et festins extraordinaires*." They served the king's table "*l'épée au cote* placing with their own hands the dishes on the board. Two months after Beaumarchais became invested with this new office the old man who surrendered it to him died, and eleven months after, *i. e.* on the 22d November, 1756, the watchmaker married the widow. At the period of the marriage, he assumed for the first time the name of de Beaumarchais, which name, Gudin tells us, was borrowed from a very small *fief* belonging to the wife. The circumstance was afterwards adroitly turned against Beaumarchais by Göezman, in one of his memoirs, in which he says, "*Le Sieur Caron emprunta d'une de ses femmes le nom de Beaumarchais qu'il a prêté à une de ses sœurs*." Though Beaumarchais was "*controleur de la maison du roi*," he had not, to use the jargon of heralds and precisians, *passé gentilhomme*. It was not till 1761, five years afterwards, when he had purchased for 85,000 francs the "*charge*" of *secrétaire du roi*, that he acquired the right of bearing the name of his

*fief*. When Göezman reproached him with his ignoble and plebeian birth, Beaumarchais stated, that he could nearly count twenty years of nobility,\* which no one dared dispute him, for he had not merely the sealed parchment and the yellow wax, but the receipt for the money paid down on the nail.

The comparative ease and affluence which wedded life brought to Beaumarchais lasted but a very short time. In less than a year after his marriage he lost his wife from typhus fever. The coincidence of the death of husband and wife in a time so inconceivably short excited at this period no attention; but when, by a deplorable fatality, he lost his second wife at a juncture when fortune smiled on him, there were not wanting those who muttered suspicions of poisoning. These rumors at length acquired such a consistency that Beaumarchais was obliged to assume the defensive, and to resort to the testimony of four physicians who had attended the first, and five who had attended the second, wife.

It ought to be stated, in justice to Beaumarchais, that the death of his first wife reduced him again to comparative poverty. He had, however, an entrance to court by means of his "*charge*," and an opportunity soon presented itself by means of which he might push his fortunes. It has been already stated that he was passionately fond of music. He sang with feeling, and played with taste and talent the flute and the harp. His reputation as a harpist soon reached the ears of *Mesdames* of France, the daughters of Louis XV., and the four sisters desired to hear his play. His *début* produced a favorable impression, and *Mesdames* determined to take lessons of him. Very soon Beaumarchais became the organizer and the principal virtuoso of a *concert de famille*, which the princesses gave every week, and at which the king, the dauphin, and the queen, Maria Leczinska, assisted. It was one of the talents of Beaumarchais to adapt himself to the character of those whom he wished to please. But he had need of all his circumspection, for his position was difficult, and calculated to excite the envy and jealousy of the croaking things that creep about court. He was neither music-master nor *grand seigneur*, and here he was giving gratuitous lessons, pur-

\* This was an exaggeration; he could only count twelve years.

chasing pieces of music, and displaying his accomplishments in a manner not always permitted to a qualified person. One day Louis XV. insisted on hearing him play the harp, and forced the ex-watchmaker to sit down on the royal *fauteuil*. These and other circumstances, which we have not space to mention here, excited jealousies and prejudices against a young musician, whose first appearance at court was as a watchmaker. Many trifling indications of these bad and envious feelings are stated by M. de Loménie. At length the conduct of one of the malignants became perfectly outrageous. Beaumarchais, insulted and provoked, went out with his adversary and killed him. Another duel had like to have followed on the first, because Beaumarchais had dared to ask of a M. de Sablières, a noble, a sum of thirty-five louis he had lent him. But the affair ended bloodlessly, thanks to the spirit of Beaumarchais. The letters of M. Sablières touching this affair are given by M. de Loménie, and worse specimens of style and spelling never proceeded from any *rustre* of the stables or shambles.

The favor which Beaumarchais enjoyed at the hands of the princesses had been hitherto of little advantage to him. He was obliged not merely to gratuitously dedicate his time to these ladies, but occasionally to expend his money in the purchase of costly instruments. He was, however, too adroit and clever a man to compromise his credit by receiving a pecuniary recompense, which would place him in the rank of a mercenary. It more comported with his views to write as he did write:—"I have passed four years in meriting the kindnesses of Mesdames de France by the most assiduous and disinterested efforts for their amusement." These efforts consisted in making all sorts of purchases for the princesses—purchases in which Beaumarchais frequently exhausted his ready money, and was consequently obliged to address urgent representations to Madame Hoppen, the *intendante* of Mesdames. Midst these *desagremens*, however, Beaumarchais cultivated letters, and considered that he, like Voltaire, might secure the friendship of some wealthy or prosperous contractor, who would push his fortunes. Such a man he found in Paris Du Verney, a person engaged in many speculations. Du Verney's kindnesses towards Beaumarchais were not wholly disinterested. Du Verney was anxious that

the *Ecole Militaire*, of which he was *intendant*, should be visited by the Royal Family, and with this view Beaumarchais put the princesses in motion. They visited the school in company with Beaumarchais, and were received by Du Verney with great pomp. From this moment the grateful financier, charmed to find in Beaumarchais a useful intermediary for his communications with the Court, resolved to make the fortune of the young man, and gave him a share in several lucrative speculations. It was under the influence of Du Verney that the watchmaker's son was bitten with that taste for speculation which never left him till his latest day—a taste which never ceased to torment his life, and which mingled in his case with a predilection, not less ardent, for the mental excitement and the gratification of a fancy ever active and ardent.

In order to make his way more quickly, Beaumarchais felt the necessity of becoming noble. He purchased what is called a *savonnette à vilain*, that is to say, a patent of *secrétaire du roi*. In order not to impede the progress of his son, old Caron agreed to give up his watchmaker's shop, and the brevet of *secrétaire du roi* was obtained by Beaumarchais on the 9th of December, 1761. This new situation increased the number of his enemies and the jealousy with which he was regarded. An employment of *grand maître des eaux et forêts* almost immediately became vacant. It was a lucrative situation, and cost 500,000 livres. Du Verney lent Beaumarchais the sum necessary to purchase it, promising him at the same time that he would be able to repay him the amount by fiscal operations and contracts which should be given to him. After the money to purchase the situation had, however, been lodged at a notary's, an objection was raised to Beaumarchais by certain *grands maîtres des eaux et forêts*, and a collective petition was addressed to the *contrôleur-général*, threatening that the *grands maîtres* would resign in a body if the watchmaker's son was appointed. But although the generality of the *grands maîtres* were not a whit better born than the watchmaker, being, as Beaumarchais tells us, the sons of hairdressers, carders, Jew brokers, button-makers, &c., &c., yet they carried the day against him. This painful check at the commencement of an administrative career, which might have

been brilliant, soured the heart and ulcerated the disposition of Beaumarchais, and it is not to be wondered that his opinions assumed a discontented and democratic hue. It is a fact, however, recorded in other pages than in those of M. de Loménie, that the real aristocracy of France was much less hostile to Beaumarchais than the nest of jobbers without birth (we mention the circumstance from the question being raised by *parvenus*), breeding, or honesty, who then, as now, fatten on fat places for the most part useless or sinecure. The disappointed Beaumarchais now purchased a "*charge*" of *lieutenant-général des chasses aux bailliage et capitainerie de la varenne du Louvre*. This office was for the protection of the pleasures for the game of the king. It was, we need scarcely say, most oppressive to the proprietors and farmers fifty miles round Paris. This was in 1763. At this juncture we find Beaumarchais employing himself between the duties of his *charge*, the functions of *contrôleur de la maison du roi*, and those of *secrétaire du roi*, without prejudice to three or four industrial enterprises, those pleasures which he always pursued, or those family affections which held so large a place in his life. He had at this period bought a handsome house in the Rue de Condé, in which he had installed his father and his two unmarried sisters, when he received a letter from another of his sisters from Madrid, which determined him to set out for Spain.

Two of the sisters had, some time previously to this, established themselves at Madrid, where one of them had married an architect. A Spanish man of letters, named Clavijo, became acquainted with both sisters, frequented their house, fell in love with the second, named Maria Louisa, and offered her marriage. She accepted the offer of his hand, and it was agreed that the marriage should take place whenever Clavijo should obtain an employment under the Government, which he sought and expected. When, however, the employment was obtained, and the bans published, Clavijo refused to keep his word.

It was under these circumstances that Beaumarchais set out for Spain. All the circumstances relating to the journey, to his sojourn in Spain, to his interviews with Clavijo, with the Duke of Ossuna, with M. Grimaldi, with M. Wall (whom he throughout designates M. Wahl) are most graphically and eloquently set forth in the *Quatrième Mémoire à consulter contre M. Gozman*. We doubt if there be a clearer or more pungent forty or fifty pages even in the French language (enriched as that language is with the scolding, mocking, and bitter prose of Voltaire) than is to be found

in this memoir, under the head *Année 1764. Fragment de mon Voyage d'Espagne*. The manner in which Beaumarchais, after his arrival in Spain, opens the subject to Clavijo, is consummate for coolness, talent, and address, and shows how fine a diplomatist, or an *avocat*, was spoiled in the watchmaker, speculator, and man of letters. Clavijo y Fajardo was himself a Spanish man of letters of no mean talents, the editor of a successful journal called *El Pensador*, and was subsequently, for more than twenty years, the editor of the *Murcurio Historico y Politico de Madrid*. He was, like a great many Spaniards, gifted with a silvery tongue, with abundant cunning and astuteness, and with a born genius for insincerity and intrigue. He lied, he wheedled, he fawned, and bullied by turns, and for a time succeeded in raising all Madrid against Beaumarchais, and in procuring an order for his arrest and banishment. But the courage, energy, and address of the Frenchman were at length victorious. Beaumarchais changed the opinions of the Spanish ministers, and even of the king, and ultimately obtained the dismissal of Clavijo from his office. Nor did he confine his labors solely to an onslaught on his adversary. Furnished with letters of credit, cash, and recommendations from Paris Du Verney to the amount of 200,000 francs, he visited grandees, ministers, and ambassadors; attended assemblies, and *tertullais*; played whist and ombre with Lord Rochford, the English Ambassador, afterwards Minister for Foreign Affairs; made love like a dragoon to the *senoras* and *senoritas*; and meddled as busily with every industrial speculation as the late Mr. John Sadlier, of unhappy fame and memory, meddled in our own day, with this only and most remarkable difference, that Beaumarchais neither forged nor cheated, nor over-drew any account, nor rigged the market. He was then, in 1764, in the heyday of life and spirits—in health, strength, and intellectual vigor, just entering his thirty-third year, which Scribe somewhere describes as *l'âge de l'aplomb et de scleratesse*. The enterprises which Beaumarchais endeavored to set on foot in Spain were larger than any dreamed of by the ex-Irish Sessions attorney and ex-Treasury lord. He desired, in the first place, to obtain a monopoly of the trade of Louisiana for a French company. Secondly, to provide negroes for all the Spanish colonies. Thirdly, to colonize the Sierra Morena. Fourthly, to improve the agriculture, commerce, and manufactures of Spain, the country having then no manufactures whatever. Fifthly, he desired to contract for the victualling of the army of Spain and the Indies, and the *Presidios*. The capital



required for all these schemes would amount to hundreds of millions of reals. But *n'importe*, the capacious resources of Beaumarchais had stomach for them all. It may be supposed, that to broach all these subjects — to work, to write, to have audiences, and make long speeches and minutes, required much talent, toil, and trouble. But Beaumarchais hustled and fought his way, and we find him writing to his father: — "People are well satisfied with the light I throw on certain difficult subjects; and if I don't succeed in all I undertake, I shall at least carry away the esteem of those I have had to deal with."

The letters of Beaumarchais from Spain are admirable, full of fine spirits, gayety, and good humor. One of the most lengthy and interesting of the letters of Beaumarchais was written to the Duke of La Valiere; and it is a singular proof of the sagacity of the writer, that most of his observations on the character, habits, and manners of the people, and on their poetry, drama, institutions, and government, hold good to this day.

Beaumarchais remained about a year in Spain, and turned that period, in one sense, to profitable account. It is true he had failed in inducing the government to interest itself in his projects; but, on the other hand, Figaro, Rosina, Almaviva, Bartolo, and many other conceptions of character are due to his year's residence in the "sweet South."

A Creole lady of some fortune, but a fortune like most West India properties involved, had exercised a certain influence over the heart of Beaumarchais before his departure for Madrid, and on his return he was half disposed to marry her; but the match was abruptly broken off, and she subsequently married the Chevalier de S—, who had been introduced to her by Beaumarchais. That which rendered the marriage more remarkable was, that the Chevalier was the accepted and engaged suitor of Julie, one of Beaumarchais' sisters.

It was not till 1767, at the mature age of thirty-five, that Beaumarchais began to write for the stage. He commenced by the drama of *Eugénie*, the MS. of which was considerably pared down by the Censorship. This drama was acted for the first time on the 29th of January, 1767. This piece was only saved from condemnation by the acting of a young and amiable actress, Mlle. Doligny, who filled the part of *Eugénie*. Though severely handled by the critics, *Eugénie* was not only successful in France, but a piece, an imitation, rather than a translation of it, called *The School for Rakes*, was successful in England. The second play

of Beaumarchais, produced in 1770, called *Les Deux Amis*, was rather a failure. After being played about eight or ten times it was laid aside. The capital defect of the drama is set forth in a quatrain of the time, cited by Grimm:

"J'ai vu de Beaumarchais le drame ridicule,  
Et je vais en un mot vous dire ce que c'est:  
C'est un change où l'argent circule  
Sans produire aucun intérêt."

Beaumarchais was, in 1770, actively employed, rich and happy, and he could well console himself for the failure of a comedy. Between the production of *Eugénie* and *Les Deux Amis*, the young and pretty widow of a *garde general des menus plaisirs*, named Levêque, fell in love with him, and in April, 1768, he married this lady, who brought him a brilliant fortune. Associated with Paris Du Verney, he purchased from the State a great part of the forest of Chinon, and was more occupied in felling and selling wood than in writing dramas.

Within three years of the epoch of his marriage, Beaumarchais lost his second wife. She died on the 21st November, 1770, from the effects of a bad confinement. There was not wanting scandalous tongues who intimated that it was strange that a husband should lose two wives successively in the pains of childbirth, and poisoning; was directly hinted at. But it was sufficient to state the real truth to stop those remarks. One-half the fortune of the second wife of Beaumarchais was a life interest, which depended on her continuing to live. Beaumarchais had the greatest interest in keeping her alive instead of killing her.

It was while the flattering success of Beaumarchais' first drama was effaced by the comparative failure of the second, that a new direction and turn was given to his life by a lawsuit, which lasted for seven long years. Paris Du Verney had a settlement of accounts with Beaumarchais on the 1st of April, 1770, in which a balance was struck between them. Beaumarchais agreed on his part to give up to Du Verney 160,000 francs' worth of bills, and it was stipulated that the partnership as to the forest of Chinon should be dissolved. Du Verney on his part declared that he had no claim against Beaumarchais; that he owed him 15,000 francs, and would lend him for a period of eight years, without interest, 75,000 francs. These latter conditions had not been fulfilled when Du Verney died on the 17th of July, 1770, at the ripe age of eighty-seven, leaving a fortune of 1,500,000 francs. Du Verney left one of his grand-nephews *legataire universelle*. This was a certain Count de la Blache, who held the rank in the army of *maréchal*



*de camp*, and who for a long time had been heard to say of Beaumarchais, "Je hais cet homme comme un amant aime sa maîtresse." When the parties came to a settlement of accounts, De la Blache stated that the signature of his uncle was a forgery, and he claimed from Beaumarchais not only 53,500 livres, but an additional sum of 139,000 livres. The suit lasted seven years. Beaumarchais was successful *en première instance*, but lost his suit on appeal. Ultimately, however, the judgment *en appel* was reversed, and Beaumarchais gained the cause on all the points by an arrêt of the Parlement of Provence, on the 21st of July, 1778. It was a wearing and a harassing thing to have these imputations of forgery and fraud hanging over one's head for seven years. The vexation and agony to a sensitive mind must have been great. But there was an excessive energy and vitality in Beaumarchais which, joined to a conscious innocence, sustained him for seven long years of forensic warfare.

It was the unhappy fate of the author of the *Marriage of Figaro* to be no sooner well "fixed" in one *imbroglio*, than he was landed in another. Before he was rid of the suit of the Count de la Blache, he was in another scrape. He had become acquainted, and the acquaintance ripened into intimacy, with the Duke de Chaulnes, who had left the army at the age of twenty-four with the rank of colonel, who subsequently became a member of several scientific societies, made some discoveries in chemistry, and otherwise distinguished himself, as his father and mother had done, by scientific attainments. This duke lived in great intimacy with Mdlle. Menard, an actress, his mistress, to whom he introduced Beaumarchais. The latter frequently visited at Mdlle. Menard's (whose house was frequented also by Marmontel, Sedaine, Rulhieres, and Chamfort), and learned from her that the duke treated her with a brutality and violence savoring rather of the wild beast or the savage than of a civilized man. Hereupon Beaumarchais wrote a letter to the duke, half deprecating, half expostulating, to which the latter did not deign to reply. But in some months after the receipt of this missive, the duke, being aware that Beaumarchais continued to see Mdlle. Menard, resolved to force him to fight. Beaumarchais was at his office at the Capitainerie, when the duke insisted upon his instantly going out with him. Beaumarchais adjourned for a moment the court, and went into an adjoining room with the duke, when De Chaulnes, with the ferocity of a tiger, exclaimed, that he would kill him and drink his blood. The history of the dispute, which is now for the first time

published, occupies some dozen pages in M. de Loménie's volume; and it would shed a curious light on the state of society in France at this epoch, if there were not some reason to think (the fact is not, however, hinted at by M. de Loménie) that there was a taint of madness in the blood of M. de Chaulnes. Certain it is, that the mother of M. de Chaulnes, after having distinguished herself by very high scientific attainments, afterwards degraded herself by the coarsest and most sensual excesses, and by her conduct caused the death of the father of the man whose sanity we are now considering. The upshot of the encounter was, that the duke obtained admission to Beaumarchais' house, seized upon the author's sword, tore his clothes, wounded his face, and received in return a "facer" from Beaumarchais. "*Misérable*," said the raging wild beast, "*tu frappes un duc et pair*." In these words there is more disclosed as to the relation in which the different classes of society stood to each other than could be written in a folio. Not content with rushing on Beaumarchais with a drawn sword, and subsequently with a carving-knife, the duke finished his attack by eating the soup and devouring the cutlets of the man he had thus outraged. A crowd collected round the house, and the police became apprised of the affair. In his depositions before the *lieutenant de police*, the duke stated, that as Beaumarchais was not a *gentilhomme*, he did not dream of fighting him, but only meant to chastise a *roturier*, who was an "*insolent*," and charged with forgery. The *Tribunal des Maréchaux de France*, to whom the matter was referred, relegated the Duke de Chaulnes to Vincennes, and acquitted Beaumarchais. But the premier, the Duke de la Vrillière, sent the *roturier* Caron to For l'Évêque, where he was kept a prisoner for two months. Nothing could be more unfortunate to the luckless Beaumarchais. His personal liberty was then of the utmost consequence to him to solicit his judges! (such was then the practice), and to defend himself against his opponent.

Before he was imprisoned at For l'Évêque, however—indeed, on the very evening of the day in which there was this scene and squabble with the Duke—Beaumarchais read his comedy of *Le Barbier de Seville* to a numerous company at the house of a friend. It was while he was in prison that the Conseiller Goëzman (a member of the Parlement Maupeou) gave judgment against him, on the 6th of April, 1773, in the affair of De la Blache. This judgment of Goëzman was the cause of the greatest celebrity which Beaumarchais ever achieved. One hundred louis and a jewelled watch had been

given by Beaumarchais, through the intervention of one Lejay, a bookseller, to Madame Goëzman, with a view to propitiate the judge. Madame Goëzman required an additional fifteen louis, which she said was intended for the secretary of her husband. The lady promised Lejay that if Beaumarchais lost his suit all should be returned, excepting the fifteen louis, which were to be the perquisite of the secretary.

After the money had been paid, Beaumarchais obtained an audience of Goëzman, who, two days afterwards, decided against him. Madame Goëzman faithfully returned the hundred louis and the watch; but Beaumarchais, having inquired of the secretary (to whom he had already given ten louis) whether he had received fifteen louis additional, learned that Madame Goëzman had never given him anything, retaining herself the fifteen louis. Irritated by the loss of his money and the loss of his suit, Beaumarchais wrote to Madame G. to demand his fifteen louis. This was a gravestep to take, for, if the wife denied having received the money, there might arise a dangerous contest. The straightforward course of asking that the fifteen louis might be returned also had its advantages. Beaumarchais was under the impression that Goëzman had been purchased by a larger sum presented by the Count de la Blache, and he was not without the hope of convicting this magistrate of venality. Madame Goëzman denied that she had ever received the fifteen louis; on the contrary, she declared that she sternly repudiated the criminal offer that had been made to her. She admitted that presents had been offered to her, on the part of Beaumarchais, with a view to gain the interest of her husband, but that she had repudiated those offers.

Goëzman, the husband, also appeared, and denounced Beaumarchais to the Parliament as guilty of having calumniated the wife of the judge, after having vainly tried to corrupt her, and, through her means, her husband. This was a bold course for Goëzman to take; but it is now manifest, by a letter in his own hand to M. de Sartines, under date of the 5th of April, 1773, that he hoped to obtain a *lettre de cachet* against Beaumarchais, and thus to be rid of an unpleasant opponent. The irresistible inference is, that, in making this application to M. de Sartines, Goëzman was aware of the imprudence and guilt of his wife. The Government, not daring to grant a *lettre de cachet*, Goëzman attempted to suborn Lejay. Lejay, yielding to the temptation, declared that Beaumarchais had induced him to try and corrupt Madame Goëzman, but that the lady rejected the presents and the offer with

indignation. Armed with this false testimony, Goëzman appealed to the vengeance of Parliament. The discredit to which Beaumarchais had fallen was inconceivable. The decision in the case of La Blache had tarnished his honor, had diminished his fortune, had destroyed his peace of mind. He was now prosecuted for corruption and for scandal before judges interested in finding him guilty. No advocate dared to plead his cause against an individual so powerful and so high-placed as Goëzman. He therefore determined on being his own counsel, and to speak and write out of the fulness of his heart in the broad glare of day. He resolved in his own mind on trampling under foot all the conventional and court rules which introduced secrecy into criminal proceedings, and which prevented the nation at large from judging its judges. Whilst the authorities were laying the flattering unction to their souls that all would be conducted slyly, snugly, and quietly in the dark, Beaumarchais had in his own mind resolved to let in a stream of light, and to excite and arouse public opinion. But in order to this end, in order that public opinion should respond to the call of a man not known, or only known unfavorably, it was indispensable that he should draw around him readers; that to retain their attention he should excite their interest, their sympathies, their indignation, their pity, and, above all, that he should amuse them.

In this that very able and adroit man perfectly succeeded, investing his suit with all the interest of a drama and a romance. In the memoirs and pleadings which he wrote concerning this affair, he exhibited the most original and the most varied talent, giving to his *factums* an unspeakable beauty, vivacity, and interest. There was eloquence, audacity, sarcasm, historical allusion, dash, gayety, malice, and the daring ardor of conviction. There was the tact, too, that showed Beaumarchais a consummate master of his art. He succeeded in turning the slumbering hatred of the nation against the *Parlement Maupeou*, which had displaced the ancient magistracy. The genius and address displayed by him throughout were marvellous and almost magical. There is as much good comedy in the cause and the memoirs touching it, as in any play in the French or the English language. No silliness, no hypocrisy, no knavery, no trait of character, escapes the practiced and polished pen of the merciless wit. The sentence of the court, after both parties had pleaded, was, that Madame Goëzman was condemned "*au blame*," and to the restitution of the fifteen louis, which were to be distributed among the poor; that her husband was put

*hors de cour*, a sentence equivalent to condemnation, and which forced him to resign his office. Beaumarchais was also condemned "*au blame*." This process was the ruin of Goëzman. For the rest of his existence he lived a life of ignominious obscurity, and twenty years afterwards was guillotined on the 7th Thermidor, two days before the fall of Robespierre.

Beaumarchais, though condemned "*au blame*" by the judges, became at once the most popular man in France. The first people in the land, among others the Prince de Conti and the Duke of Orleans, showered on him their hospitalities and ostentatiously left their names at his door. From the day of the process the opposition to the Parlement Maupeou increased, and within a year that Parliament was abolished and the old Parliament restored.

It may be asked how and in what manner were these wonderful memoirs and *factums* composed. They were composed under very difficulty by a man running here and there, and living *en camp volant*, struggling with the *huissiers* of the Count de la Blache, and fighting an up-hill battle with the Judge Goëzman. Every scrap of the MS. of the memoirs and *factums* is, however, in the handwriting of Beaumarchais. All the best and most brilliant passages have been written three or four times over, so that he almost literally fulfilled the precept of Boileau, of polishing and re-polishing twenty times over. He corrected much, and recommenced and remodelled often. His first sketches, evidently rapidly written, are generally prolix and diffuse; in the second attempt are found amendments, prunings, loppings off, excisions, &c.

No man more attentively followed and read the proceedings and memoirs in the case of Goëzman than Voltaire.

"Quel homme," he writes to D'Alembert, "il réunit tout, la plaisanterie, le sérieux, la raison, la gaieté, la force, le touchant, tous les genres d'éloquence, et il n'en recherche aucun et il confond tous ses adversaires et il donne des leçons à ses juges. Sa naïveté m'enchantée, je lui pardonne ses imprudences et ses pétulances."

It is a proof of the principle in Beaumarchais' heart, and the real kindness of his nature, that, at this period, when his affairs were in a deranged state and he had broken up his household, he continued to pension every member of his family.

In the next phase of Beaumarchais' career he appears in a widely different character. The unquestionable ability he had exhibited induced Louis XV. to employ him in one of those secret missions so common at the time under the ancient, and, indeed, now under

the modern Imperial Government of France. There was at that period in London a Burgundian adventurer of the name of Thévenin de Morande, who carried on a trade in libelling and scandal. He defamed and calumniated some of the leading personages in France, and his ribaldry and invective were eagerly imported across the Channel. To such a man Madame du Barry was a mine of wealth. He wrote to her announcing the publication of an interesting work, called *Mémoires Secrets d'une Femme Publique*, the MS. of which might be obtained for a *con-si-de-ra-ti-on*. The alarmed and furious courtesan communicated her anger and her fears to Louis XV. Various means were unavailingly adopted to silence or intimidate Moranne, when it was determined to enlist the genius of Beaumarchais in this not very reputable cause. The mission was not very eagerly undertaken by him, but he completely succeeded in it. Three thousand copies of the MS. were committed to the flames, and for this holocaust the French Government agreed to give the adventurer Morande 20,000 francs down, and 4000 francs a year pension.

On Beaumarchais returning to Versailles to receive the thanks of Louis XV., he found the monarch dying. Had the king lived a few days longer the sentence of the *Parlement Maupeou* would have been reversed and Beaumarchais rehabilitated. The new monarch cared little about Madame du Barry; but Louis XVI. had scarcely ascended the throne, amidst the ardent hopes and congratulations of France, when his young and beautiful queen was attacked by another libeller domiciliated in London. Beaumarchais was again sent on a mission to London, in 1774, and at an expense of 35,800 francs, a Jew named Angelucci consented to give up and burn 4,000 copies of a libel on the queen. Beaumarchais subsequently proceeded with the Jew to Amsterdam to destroy the Dutch edition, when the Israelite gave him the slip, carrying off a single copy of the libel to Nuremberg, a town filled with the race of Abraham and Isaac. Beaumarchais overtook "cunning little Isaac" at Neustadt, and regained the copy of the libel from the Hebrew. Nor did the Frenchman's labors end with this achievement. He posted on to Vienna, to obtain from the mother of Marie Antoinette, the Empress Maria Theresa, an order for the arrest of Angelucci, and arrived in so excited a state that he was imprisoned till the Austrian government could communicate with the government of France.

His next mission was again to England, to obtain from the Chevalier d'Eon a secret correspondence which passed between him and

Louis XV. Beaumarchais succeeded in obtaining the correspondence, with which he returned to Versailles. He was, however, charged with more important matters than any connected with the Chevalier d'Eon. He had undertaken to put the king in possession of information as to the insurgent American colonies; and it is now certain that it was owing to his ardent solicitations that the French government determined to secretly support the insurgents. Beaumarchais was charged with this important and delicate mission, and he exhibited in it, to use the words of M. de Loménie, "a talent for organization, a vigor of mind, and a power of will, which many would be surprised to find in the author of the *Barber of Seville*." On the 10th of June, 1776, Beaumarchais obtained from the king a million to work the great American operation, and he was at the moment laboring under a deprivation of all civil rights.

It was not till September, 1776, that the sentence passed on him by the Parliament of Maupeou was reversed, that he was restored to his civil rights and the enjoyment of the offices he had formerly held.

This *arrêt* of the new parliament was received by all Paris with the wildest joy, and Beaumarchais was carried in triumph from the Chamber of Parliament to his carriage.

He had now to run his great career as a dramatic author. The *Barber of Seville* had been originally written as an opera in 1772, when it was refused by the so-called *Italiens*. It was accepted at the *Français* in the following year, 1773; but the affair of Chaulnes and the imprisonment of Beaumarchais retarded the production of the piece.

The suit of Goëzman again interfered with the presentation, when the immense popularity of the memoirs and *factums* against this functionary induced the actors to give out the comedy for the 24th February, 1774. For the first five representations all the places were taken; but, of a sudden, the piece was forbidden. On the 23rd February, 1775, the first representation took place, when the failure was all but complete; but it is a proof of the fertility and judgment of the author, that within four-and-twenty hours he condensed and altered his play so admirably that it had a brilliant and well-merited success.

At the end of a thirty nights' run, the actors wished to convert the success of the *Barber* to their own benefit; and, from that time forth, the object of Beaumarchais was to produce an union among literary men, so as to enable them the better to defend themselves against a combination of actors. If a laboring literary man, not a political writer, is enabled to live in France now and to enjoy

the fruits of his brain labor, the result is, in a great degree, owing to the efforts made, nearly eighty years ago, by Caron de Beaumarchais.

We have already stated that Louis XVI. furnished Beaumarchais with a million. He received another million from the Spanish government. With these united sums he was to form a company to furnish the Americans with arms and munitions of war, in return for which they were to pay in the produce of their soil. Beaumarchais entered into contracts with houses at Havre, Rochefort, Dunkirk, and Nantes, and forwarded arms and stores to the Americans under the name of a firm of Rodrigue, Hortaliez, and Company. Not content with these efforts, the active agent bought a vessel of sixty guns, the *Fier Rodrigue*, and commissioned her to convoy ten of his merchant ships. This vessel took part in the engagement between the French and English fleets under Admiral Byron, and her commander was killed in the engagement. It is a curious fact, that Ganteaume, who subsequently rose to the rank of admiral in the service of France, was originally a sailor, and subsequently officer, in the marine—if we may so call it—of Beaumarchais.

The immense assistance which Beaumarchais rendered to the Americans and their cause is very clearly set forth in these volumes of M. de Loménie; yet it appears that his just claims against the American Congress and nation were not even partially liquidated till 1836, five-and-thirty years after his decease, and then only a small portion of the money due was paid. In 1795, Beaumarchais claimed from Congress a sum of 4,141,171 livres, and, after more than forty years of wrangling and struggle, his heirs received eight hundred thousand francs.

Not content with furnishing the Americans, Beaumarchais set about the establishment of a *caisse d'escompte* (the germ of the Bank of France), a *pompe à feu* at Chaillot, and two editions of the works of Voltaire, one in seventy and the other in ninety-two volumes. To accomplish this purpose he purchased the type of Baskerville (the same type with which the famous editions of Virgil, Horace, and Terence are printed) for 100,000 francs. The two editions took seven years to finish, and 15,000 copies of each were published. It is a singular fact that the number of subscribers did not exceed 2000, so that the loss must have been enormous. Yet, with all these losses and troubles, Beaumarchais had a hand "open as day" to literary men in need, so that the list of his insolvent debtors amounted to twenty-three. The Prince of Nassau Siegen owed him 125,000 francs.



The years of 1784 and 1785 were the most brilliant portions of Beaumarchais' career. Though *Figaro* had been some time written, yet the king was opposed to its being acted. The author was now enabled to force it on the stage despite the opposition of the monarch. It had a run of sixty-eight nights. The money taken for the first representation amounted to 6511 livres; the money taken for the sixty-eight representations amounted to 5483 livres. In the eight months between the 27th of April, 1784, and the 10th of January, 1785, the piece had produced (without counting the fiftieth representation which had been given to the poor on the proposition of Beaumarchais) a gross receipt of 346,197 livres, of which there remained to the actors a nett benefice of 293,755 livres, with the exception of the portion dedicated to the author Beaumarchais, which amounted to 41,199 livres. The account of the representation of the piece will be found recorded in every periodical, in all the letters and memoirs of the time. People went to the theatre early in the morning, the greatest ladies dining in the actresses' dressing-rooms in order to secure places. Bachaumont tells us blue ribbons were elbowd by Savoyards, and La Harpe, that three persons were killed. If we are to believe an unpublished letter of Beaumarchais, he was present at all this excitement. He sat at the back of a *loge grille*, between two abbés, with whom he had dined at a jovial repast. He maliciously said the presence of these two abbés was necessary, that they might administer to him if necessary *des secours très spirituels*. In the midst of this brilliant success, another misfortune fell on Beaumarchais. Sicard criticized the *Marriage of Figaro* severely, and was aided, it is said, in this labor by the Count de Provence, who had written some of the critiques. Beaumarchais answered the attacks with great energy, and the Count de Provence, feeling himself personally wounded, complained to his brother, Louis XVI., of the insolence of Beaumarchais, and artfully insinuated that the offence of the author of the *Marriage of Figaro* consisted not in using the words *l'insecte vil de la nuit*, but in using the words "*lions et tigres*," which designated, as he alleged, the king and the queen. Louis XVI. was already irritated against Beaumarchais. The immense success of a comedy which had been represented against his will—a success which "disquieted him as a king, and scandalized him as a Christian,"—to use the words of M. de Loménie—rendered him disposed to credit the most improbable accusations against the author. Without quitting the card-table at which he was seated, the monarch wrote in pencil on the seven of spades an order for the

arrest of Beaumarchais, and, adding insult to rigor, ordered that a man of fifty-three should be conducted to the prison of St. Lazare, which was reserved for young vagabonds. At the end of the fifth day, Beaumarchais was almost forced to leave the prison against his will. The memoir which he addressed to the king from St. Lazare is curious, as disclosing a state of affairs as embarrassing for Louis XVI. as for himself. On his leaving prison, M. de Calonne wrote to him to state that the king held him exculpated, and would seize with pleasure occasions to confer on him marks of his good will. Soon after this *Le Barbier de Seville* was represented on the small theatre of Trianon, the Queen playing the part of Rosina, the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) that of Figaro, M. de Vaudreuil, Almaviva. By an order of the king, Beaumarchais not long after received 800,000 livres by way of indemnity for his *flotte marchande*, which, in addition to two sums previously received, formed a total of 2,275,625 livres.

Previous to the period of which we are now speaking, Mirabeau and Beaumarchais had not been acquainted. One day, says Gudin, Mirabeau called on Beaumarchais. The conversation was lively, animated, and *spirituelle*. At length, Mirabeau inconsiderately asked for a loan of 12,000 francs. Beaumarchais refused with playful gayety. Nothing is "easier than for you to lend the money," replied the count. "No doubt of it," rejoined Beaumarchais; "but as I must quarrel with you the day when your note of hand would fall due, I may as well break with you now, and save my money."

Beaumarchais had been concerned in a speculation to supply Paris with water. Mirabeau was chosen to write a pamphlet against this scheme. Beaumarchais pun- gently replied, when Mirabeau rejoined, reviving all the old calumnies. To this diatribe Beaumarchais made no answer; but it may not be amiss to state that in 1790, a year before the death of the great orator, the two men were reconciled. M. de Loménie gives at length the letters that passed between them. Even an epitome of them it is beyond our space to afford.

In February, 1787, at the moment when Beaumarchais was occupied with the first representation of the opera of *Tarare*, a pamphlet appeared entitled *Mémoire sur une question d'adultère, de séduction, et de diffamation pour le Sieur Kornman contre la dame Kornman, le Sieur de Jossan, le Sieur de Beaumarchais, et M. Lenoir*. Beaumarchais, after having investigated the case of Madame Kornman, became satisfied that she was an oppressed and injured woman, and procured a revocation of the *lettre de cachet*



which her husband had obtained against her. Further, he advised Madame Kornman to appeal to the tribunals to save her children's fortune. A young advocate of the name of Bergasse was employed in Kornman's case, and he it was who composed the *Mémoire* which we have just mentioned; a memoir which circulated by thousands, and which gave rise to hundreds of pamphlets *pro et contra*. The style of Bergasse was turgid, but it was earnest and emphatic. His taste was none of the best, but he was personal, confident, used strong epithets, and introduced a great many extraneous topics to season the flavor of his *factum*. Beaumarchais proceeded against the advocate for calumny, and gained his suit. But there is a vitality, indeed an immortality, in slander, which causes it to survive the occasion; and though the Parliament pronounced in Beaumarchais' favor on the 2nd of April, 1789, directing the suppression of Bergasse's Memoir, and the payment by him of a thousand livres as cost and damages, yet some of Bergasse's imputations lived in the memories and thoughts of men during the progress of the Revolution, and affected the popularity, if they did not tarnish the repute of Beaumarchais. It was the singular destiny of Beaumarchais never to do good without its bringing him poignant suffering. "Je n'ai jamais rien fait de bien," he says, "qui ne m'ait causé des angoisses, et je ne dois tous mes succès, le dirai-je, qu'à des sottises."

While Beaumarchais was for two years struggling with Bergasse, he was writing and preparing for the stage his opera of *Tartare*, first produced on the 8th of June, 1787; an opera which has been played within a few years. He was also dabbling in the expensive recreation of brick and mortar, having purchased from the Municipality, near the Bastille, a site for a splendid mansion. This mansion was built in magnificent style, and sumptuously furnished with precious woods and marbles brought from Italy at great expense. In the study of Beaumarchais there was a *secrétaire* valued at 30,000 francs. In this luxurious abode he received some of the most remarkable men of his time,—the Duke d'Orleans, Mirabeau, Sieyès, &c. From this stately dwelling, which is now called the Boulevard Beaumarchais, the owner of it witnessed the taking of the Bastille. He exhibited no desire to mingle in the fray, or to become deputy for his district. He limited his efforts to the preserving of order, and to saving from the enraged multitude disarmed soldiers. He remained in Paris during the progress of the Revolution, and in June, 1791, we find him seriously petitioning to obtain, in favor of the faithful of his quar-

ter, a greater number of masses. Amidst pre-occupations and inquietude of every kind, says M. de Loménie, towards the close of his second volume, Beaumarchais found time to dedicate to the two great passions which occupied his life—the theatre and commercial speculation.

He finished *La Mère Coupable* in 1791, and about the same period contracted to supply the government with 60,000 muskets—a contract which ruined his fortunes, and was the canker-worm of his subsequent life. While using every effort to obtain the muskets, he was denounced by the ex-Capuchin Chabot. On the 10th August, the mob suspecting complicity with Louis XVI., broke into his house and searched for the arms. Thirteen days afterwards, *i.e.* on the 23rd, being sixty years of age and deaf, he was sent to the prison of L'Abbaye. Here he remained till the 30th, a few hours before the massacres of the 2nd September. He owed his release to the magnanimity of Manuel, who thus nobly revenged himself for some stinging criticisms. Escaped from prison and death, Beaumarchais hid himself some miles from Paris, whence he proceeded to seek an interview with the ministers. The men in authority gave him his passport for Holland. On his arrival, he did not find the promised money. The Convention had now succeeded to the Legislative Assembly, and in the Convention Beaumarchais was accused of combining against the government. From London, Beaumarchais wrote a defence of himself, distributing 600 copies. The answer by the Convention to the defence was, that Beaumarchais was permitted to choose between a sequestration of his property, and the starting a second time to obtain the muskets. While things were in this lamentable position, his property was seized, his family sent to prison, and he himself was condemned also to prison by the *Comité de Salut Public* (whose agent he was) as an *émigré*. His difficulties were now great, and they became overwhelming when he found himself an emigrant in the free town of Hamburg. For some three-and-twenty months between 1793 and 1795, Beaumarchais contrived to save his muskets from the Dutch; but they were at length seized and sold by the English government. So overwhelming and entangled were the series of misfortunes in which he was now enmeshed, that he was in utter despair. "I ask myself," says he, in a letter to his wife, "whether I am not a madman or a fool, so difficult is it to fathom the depth of my misfortunes. Where are you?" he passionately writes to his wife; "where do you live? what is the name you go by? who are your true friends, and who ought I to call mine?"

Without the hope of saving my daughter, the horrid guillotine would, for me, be preferable to my terrible state." In July, 1796, the name of Beaumarchais was struck off the list of emigrants, and he was allowed to return to Paris. But his wife, sister, and daughter were then in a wretched state." On leaving a prison in which they were so nearly doomed to death, they found all the property of Beaumarchais sequestered, and his debtors clamorous to discharge their engagements, contracted under a sound currency, in depreciated *assignats*. Thus ruined and overwhelmed by no fault of his own, Beaumarchais could scarcely pay the window-taxes on his large house. There were, indeed, strange times between 1794 and 1796. We learn, from the letters and accounts of Beaumarchais' sister, Julia, that, in the depreciated *assignats*, sugar sold at 100 francs the pound, potatoes at 200 francs the bushel, pomade at 25 francs the ounce, &c.

Though Beaumarchais had acquired while at Hamburg the friendship of Talleyrand and Baron Louis, and albeit he was aware of the state of his affairs at Paris, still he was glad to return to his native city. Amidst all his troubles and misfortunes, and at a time when he had passed the grand climacteric, having attained the ripe age of sixty-five, we find him entering into all the theatrical and literary topics of the day with the eagerness and vivacity of youth. On the 4 Pluviose, an VI., i.e., in January, 1798, a commission, appointed by the Directory, declared that the State was indebted to Beaumarchais in a sum of 997,875 francs. This sum would have placed him in a position to satisfy the most importunate of his creditors, and to pass the remainder of his life in tranquillity—if by a singular fatality—which rendered his last days miserable—the Directory had not named a new commission, which came to a directly opposite conclusion from the first. Far from making the State his debtor, the new commission declared Beaumarchais to be debtor to the State in the sum of 500,000 francs. It was in struggling against the decision of this committee that the last days of Beaumarchais were consumed. After passing a happy evening with his family and a few chosen friends, on the 17th of May, he was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 18th of May, 1799. He died of an apoplectic seizure, produced by the agitation and anxiety of his latter years, and the strange injustice by which he was deprived by two governments of the greatest portion of his fortune.

Such was the end of Beaumarchais. His life embraces the better part of the eighteenth century, and his works represent its spirit.

His career was singularly chequered and agitated, but not more agitated than the history and fortunes of his country at this epoch. He mixed with all classes of Frenchmen, from the highest to the lowest, and he possessed in a greater degree than any man of his time the peculiarities, qualities, and talents of that vivacious, clever, and mobile people of France, once our bravest and bitterest enemies, now our firm allies. It has been truly said that Beaumarchais lived in the Palace, in the Court, in the *Coulisses*, and in the Exchange; and he imbibed the spirit of each, and turned it to the best account in the comedies, memoirs, factums, verses, and letters, with which he has enriched the language. Had he not lived so much at Court in early life, it is possible his *tableaux* might have been wanting in that airy grace, and lightness, that careless gayety, that suppleness and *finesse*, so characteristic of the *ancienne Cour*. In the walks of commerce and the Exchange—among the *Fermiers Generaux*, *Financiers*, *Fournisseurs*, and *Intendants*, he obtained that clearness, of view, that method and lucid order, that neatness and point which the daily handling of large affairs always improves and sometimes supplies. His art in managing, draping, and coloring characters—his style so sharp and pointed—he owes partly to the peculiar conformation of his mind, partly to his intimacy with the drama, his large acquaintance with human life in all its phases, and his long familiarity with the business of the stage. His penetration and spirit of observation were natural and inborn, and so were that moral and civic courage and independence which enabled him to stand up against parliaments and judges, and taught him not to fear the *gross bonnets fourrés*, so prone to hector and bully laymen in courts of law. The self-reliance and natural talents of Beaumarchais appear in this—that he played on all instruments, and was not a professional musician—that he invented a machine, and was not a professed mechanician—that he was a maker of paper without being a paper manufacturer—that he was printer and publisher without being bred to the trade—that he entered on operations of commerce, banking, exchange, finance, and navigation without being merchant, banker, and cambist—that he wrote judicial memoirs and *factums* without being an *avocat*, an *avoue*, or even a *notaire*—and verses, songs, and comedies without being a professed author or *litterateur*. What was he then? A dangerous man? Certainly he was in this, that he was a persecuted citizen—a man whom society and his fellows wronged and misinterpreted. He was the first to call himself by this name of persecuted citizen, in

1774, as is well said by M. St. Marc Girardin; and from that moment opinion appears to have rallied round him, and to have made his cause the cause of the struggling and discontented people. He was the man from whose exposure of judges first arose the cry of "*Plus de venalite de charges.*" His was the first voice — his were the first words in print, to clamor for publicity in legal proceedings, and for confrontation of witnesses equivalent to our cross-examination, with a view to the interests of justice and of truth. His was the voice which, by "*frappant juste et fort,*" destroyed the *Parlement Maupeou*.

In the *Marriage of Figaro*, Beaumarchais paints the French nation as it existed just antecedent to the French Revolution. The social edifice was quite undermined, the domestic virtues were altogether sapped. So in *Figaro*, the valet cheats his master, the husband his wife, the wife her husband; the judge is venal, the churchman is a sly go-between, a knave and a hypocrite; the peasant speaks of rights and duties, whilst the fool of quality insults his mother, and is a libertine and a debauchee. Court and town alike applauded, for this was the true reflection, these were the very manners, morals, and essential spirit of the time.

Such was Paris — such was France at the time the *Marriage of Figaro* was first repre-

sented. What have the French become since? What are they now? The present generation of Frenchmen, like too many among ourselves, care little for the past, unless in so far as it can minister to the present. If, however, some pupil of the people, some poet of the people, some writer of the people, or some dramatist of the people, were to rise up in 1856, possessing the talents of Beaumarchais, and being, like him, — *mutin, railleur, mechant, patient et courageux*, — possessing, like Beaumarchais, a style pregnant, sharp, and bitter, and a *génie souple et fertile qui suffisait à tout*, what revelations might he not make, what new characters might he not draw, in which hypocrisy, perjury, fraud, and lying, cheating in commerce, on the Exchange, and at cards, and forswearing in public and private, might be charged not on *Parlements*, not on *talons rouges*, not on the *vieille Cour*, but on a new generation of politicians and *maitres fripons*, who have nearly all the vices, little of the grace and talent, and less of the gayety of the race that witnessed the first representations of *Le Barbier de Seville* and *Le Marriage de Figaro*. It would then be found that the sins of outworn monarchies may be committed with aggravation, and in a new fashion, in a new empire.

**MUMMIES—PYRAMIDS.**—The Egyptians fondly conceived (reader, pity them, and praise God that thou art better informed) that the soul even after death, like a grateful guest, dwelt in the body so long as the same was kept swept and garnished, but finally forsook it, and sought out a new body, if once the corpse was either carelessly neglected, or despitefully abused; and therefore to woo the soul to constant residence in their bodies (at least-wise to give it no wilful distaste, or cause of alienation) they were so prodigiously expensive, both in embalming their dead, and erecting stately places for their monuments.

The long lasting of these pyramids, is not the least of admiration belonging unto them. They were born the first, and do live the last, of all the *seven wonders in the world*. Strange, that in three thousand years and upwards, no avaricious prince was found to destroy them, to make profit of their marble and rich materials; no humorous or spiteful prince offered to overthrow them, merely to get a greater name for his peevishness in confounding, than their pride in first founding them; no zelote-reformer (whilst Egypt was Christian) demolished them under the notion of Pagan monuments. But, surviving such casualties, strange, that after so long continuance, they have not fallen like Copy-holds, into the hand of the Grand Signior (as Lord of the Manor) for want of repairing. Yea, at the

present, they are rather ancient than ruinous; and though weather-beaten in their tops, have lively looks under a gray head, likely to abide these many years in the same condition, as being too great for any throat to swallow whole, and too hard for any teeth to bite asunder. — *Ful-ler's Palestine*. p. 83.

**LUXURY IN DRESS.**—If God were in love with fashions, he were never better served than in this age; for our world is like a pageant, where every man's apparel is better than himself. Once Christ said that soft clothing is in the kings' courts; but now it is crept into every house. Then the rich glutton jetted in purple every day; but now the poor unthrif jetts as brave as the glutton, with so many circumstances about him, that if ye could see how Pride would walk herself, if she did wear apparel, she would even go like many in the streets; for she could not go braver, nor look stouter, nor mince finer, nor set on more laces, nor make larger cuts, nor carry more trappings about her, than our ruffians and wantons do at this day. How far are these fashions altered from those leather coats which God made in Paradise! If their bodies did change forms so often as their apparel changeth fashions, they should have more shapes than they have fingers and toes. — *Henry Smith's Sermons*.

From Household Words.

## STRYCHNINE.

IN Ceylon and several districts of India grows a moderate-sized tree, with thick shining leaves, and a short crooked stem. In the fruit season it is readily recognized by its rich orange-colored berries about as large as golden pippins: the rind is hard and smooth, and covers a white soft pulp, the favorite food of many kinds of birds, within which are the flat round seeds, not an inch in diameter, ash-gray in color, and covered with very minute silky hairs. The Germans fancy they can discover a resemblance in them to gray eyes, and call them Crows'-eyes, but the likeness is purely imaginary. The tree is the *Strychnos nux-vomica*, and the seed is the deadly poison nut. The latter was early used as a medicine by the Hindoos, and its nature and properties understood by Oriental doctors, long before it was known to foreign nations. Dog-killer and Fish-scale, are two of its Arabic names. It is stated that at present the natives of Hindostan often take it for many months continuously, in much the same way as an opium-eater eats opium. They commence with taking the eighth of a nut a-day and gradually increase their allowance to an entire nut, which would be about twenty grains. If they eat it directly before or after food, no unpleasant effects are produced; but, if they neglect this precaution, spasms result.

The bark of the tree, as well as the seeds, is poisonous; and its resemblance to *Angostura* or *Cusparia* bark, a tonic medicine imported from South America, led to the most unfortunate results at the beginning of this century on the Continent. In 1804, Dr. Rambach, a physician at Hamburg, noticed that a certain species of *Angostura* bark acted as a powerful poison; an order was consequently issued forbidding the use of the drug. In spite, however, of this injunction, it managed to find its way into Germany, and did so much harm, and created such alarm, that, in 1815, the governments of Bavaria, Austria, Baden, and Wurtemberg ordered all the *Angostura* bark in the possession of the chemists to be seized, and physicians at the same time were desired not to prescribe it. An investigation was instituted, and it turned out, that a quantity of a bark had been imported from the East into England, that not being saleable, it was sent to Holland, and as there appeared no greater likelihood of selling it there, it was mixed with, and passed off as *Angostura* bark. For many years botanists were at fault as to the tree which yielded this false *Angostura* bark, but in 1837, Dr. O'Shaughnessy, in Calcutta, clearly established its identity with that of the *nux vomica* tree.

True *Angostura* bark has a finer texture than the other, is darker-colored, aromatic, pungent, and less bitter. The bark of the *nux vomica* tree has very much the twisted appearance of pieces of dried horn.

Powdered *nux vomica*, which is one of the forms in which the drug is preserved, has an extremely bitter taste, and smells like liquorice. As a medicine it acts, in very small doses, as a tonic, and in rather larger quantities it is given as a stimulant to the nervous system.

Its very peculiar and extraordinarily energetic effects, when taken in a poisonous quantity, have excited the interest of physiologists, and heatombs of cats, and dogs, and mice, and guinea-pigs have been sacrificed in their researches. In 1809, Majendie and Delille read a paper before the French Institution on the result of their experiments on animals. Ten grains taken internally killed a dog in forty-five minutes, and a grain and a-half thrust into a wound, killed another in seven minutes. The symptoms were, in every case, of the usual character. The animal, a few minutes after the introduction of the poison, becomes agitated, and trembles; in a short time it is seized with stiffness and starting of the limbs, which increase until a violent general spasm ensues, in which the head is bent back, the limbs are extended and rigid, the spine stiffened, and respiration checked by the fixing of the chest. An interval of ease follows, and then another paroxysm comes on, and another and another, till the animal perishes, suffocated or exhausted. Tetanus or locked jaw is the only disease that produces similar effects, but never proves so rapidly fatal.

The action of the poison appears to be almost entirely confined to the spinal cord and the nerves of which it is the centre. Staninus found that the removal of the brain in frogs, did not interfere with the effects of the poison; and Eumert's experiments lead to the same conclusion; he found that if the spinal cord be destroyed after the symptoms have come on, the convulsions cease instantaneously, although the circulation continues for some minutes. In man, however, there is occasionally stupor, while in other instances the sensibility is heightened, and the faculties are unnaturally acute.

A difference of opinion has existed as to the post-mortem effects of the poison. This is most satisfactorily explained by M. Brown-Séguard in the course of his recent most interesting experiments. He has noticed that if a dog be killed after one convulsion, when there has been no prolonged muscular exertion, eight days will elapse before putrefaction is established; if, on the other hand, the animal endure thirty or forty convul-



sions, there is a quick approach, and short duration of the rigidity of death, and putrefaction commences in eight hours—exactly a similar state of things has been noticed in beasts that have been overdriven, and in cocks that have died from fighting.

Plants, as well as animals, are affected by this poison. Professor Marut states, that a quarter of an hour after immersing the root of a French bean in a solution of five grains of the extract of nux vomica in an ounce of water, the petals became curved downwards, and in twelve hours the plant died. Fifteen grains of the same extract were inserted in the stem of a lilac-tree, and the wound closed; in thirteen days the neighboring leaves began to wither.

After all the attention that has been bestowed upon nux vomica, the skill of man has been unable to detect any certain antidote. Its effects during life are too characteristic ever to be mistaken; and after death, unlike most vegetable poisons, it is almost invariably to be found in the stomach of those poisoned with it. But to the wretched sufferer science brings no relief. The medical man has little else to trust to than emetics and the stomach-pump; artificial respiration ought also to be resorted to, and infusion of galls and green tea, on account of the tannin they contain, are mentioned as worthy of trial. *Caulthor is an antidote.*

In 1818, Pelletier and Caventou extracted from nux vomica the peculiar ingredient strychnine; it is to this that the seed owes its poisonous properties: it belongs to a class of substances which, owing to their action on vegetable colors, and their forming salts with acids, have been named vegetable alkalis or alkaloids, and of which the most familiar are morphia, obtained from opium, and quinine from Cinchona bark.

Strychnine is likewise a constituent of St. Ignatius' beans, the seeds of a tree indigenous to the Philippine Islands; of one of the snake-woods in Asia, so called from the natives imagining that they possess the power of preserving them from the bites of serpents; and of the Upas Tienté or Tieltek, a large climbing shrub in Java. Dr. Darwin, in a publication entitled the Botanic Garden, gives an account of the execution of criminals in Java by darts poisoned with the Tienté. A few minutes, he states, after the criminals are wounded, they tremble violently, utter fearful cries, and perish amid horrible convulsions in ten or fifteen minutes. This shrub is not to be confounded with the celebrated upas-tree, one of the largest fruit-trees of Java, with the fabulous accounts of which a traveller named Foersch amused our grandfathers.

Strychnine, which in our own country is

exclusively prepared from nux vomica, is a white crystalline substance, but in the chemists' shops it is usually to be seen in the form of powder. It is odorless, but its taste is so intensely bitter, as to be perceptible when one part is diluted in a million parts of water. Its bitterness led to the unfounded and mischievous rumor that it was used in the manufacture of bitter beer. This brilliant idea originating (upon what grounds is not known) with a French chemist was for years noticed by a French professor to his pupils in the lecture-room; thence it found its way into the columns of the Times, and created a panic among the patrons of Messrs. Bass and Allsopp, that was only allayed after those gentlemen had been put to considerable trouble and expense by having their beers repeatedly analyzed, and throwing open their gigantic breweries to the scrutiny of the wondering public. Within the last few days the Times has again alarmed us by a suspicion of our own correspondent, that artillery horses are being poisoned wholesale at Galata-serai. Chemical analysis will soon decide the truth of this suspicion; in the meantime, in spite of the symptoms (which however do not all correspond with those of strychnia—for instance the swelling of the muscles, whatever that may mean), the apparent absence of motive for poisoning the horses, and the extreme improbability of the animals drinking water rendered bitter by poisonous doses of strychnia, will incline most persons to the hope that the present rumor is as false, if not as unfounded, as the one of 1852.

As an article of the Pharmacopœia, strychnine is used in the same class of diseases as nux vomica. Curiously enough, it has been suggested, though not by followers of Hahnemann, as a remedy for the only disease which resembles it in its effects—tetanus; but there is no case recorded of its having been so used, even on one of the lower animals.

The action of strychnine is about six times as violent as the extract of nux vomica. Dr. Christison says: "I have killed a dog in two minutes with the sixth part of a grain injected in the form of an alkaline solution into the chest. I have seen a wild boar killed in the same manner with the third of a grain in ten minutes." Pelletier says: "Half a grain blown into the mouth of a dog produced death in five minutes."

Medical literature abounds with instances of men and women having been poisoned by it both by accident and intentionally. A physician—Dr. Warner—died after taking half a grain of the sulphate of strychnine in mistake for morphia.

In 1845, a girl, thirteen years old, in the



Edinburgh Infirmary, took by way of a joke three pills, each containing a quarter of a grain, belonging to another patient. She died in about an hour after she had swallowed the poison.

In 1843, a German lady, for whom nuxvomica had been prescribed, was seized with convulsions and fits of tetanus. The apothecary's lad through an "unhappy mistake" had substituted two drachms of the extract for one of the tincture, thereby augmenting the strength of the dose ten times. Fortunately the result was not fatal. Twenty or thirty drops of a mixture containing aniseed was taken every five or ten minutes, and the lady recovered.

In 1853, occurred another instance of poisoning by mistake. The chemist misnamed or misunderstood the prescription he was ordered to make up, and instead of sending a mixture containing two scruples of "strychnos nuxvomica," he sent two scuples of nuxvomica and two of strychnine. Death was the result of the blunder.

It would be impossible to relate anything that would exhibit more plainly the thoughtless manner in which prescriptions may be made up. One other instance, however, may be mentioned, as it displays the class of men at whose mercy we are placed by illness. It happened in the neighborhood of Romsley, in 1848. The statement which the chemist read to the coroner and jury at the inquest of the unfortunate lady whose death was occasioned by his culpable carelessness, gives the best account of the accident: "On Monday last," stated the chemist, "I was called into my shop, where I saw the head nurse in Captain Smyth's family. I passed the compliment, and asked her how she was; and she did the same. She said she wanted some black draughts for the children. I began putting up the draughts and entered into general conversation. After I had put up the draughts, she said, 'I think Mrs. Smyth wants some more of the medicine that she took last, at all events I will take one bottle.' I told my assistant to get the prescription-book that I might see the prescription. I saw it contained salicine; I went up some steps to get the salicine, which is kept on an upper shelf. The shelf is in one corner of the shop where I keep things not often used. I took down, as I thought, the salicine and weighed out nine grains of it." This, he went on to state, was put in a bottle, labelled "the mixture" as before, and carried away by the servant. "The following morning," continued Mr. Jones, "after I had breakfasted and gone up-stairs to dress, I went into the shop as usual; my young man said to me 'Did you see Captain Smyth's servant gallop into town this morning?' 'I saw,'

said the lad, 'Mr. Taylor, the surgeon, go off directly afterwards.' I turned towards my desk and saw the bottle I had used the previous night. I took it up and saw that it was labelled 'strychnine.' I said, 'O! my God! I have given this in mistake to Mrs. Smyth!'"

A verdict of manslaughter was returned against the chemist. The jury could have come to no other decision. Here was a man, reported to have been almost proverbial for his correctness in attending to prescriptions, passing the compliment to a nursery maid, and entering into what he was pleased to call "general conversation," while he dispensed his medicines. He then reached from a shelf—on which are huddled together drugs the most innocent and the most poisonous—a bottle labelled strychnine. But the label is neglected—nine grains of the deadly poison are duly weighed out—the draught is made up, and despatched with comfortable assurance inscribed upon the bottle "the mixture as before." Fortunately—and it is much to the credit of the dispensing chemists—these accidents are not very common; it would be useless to attempt to insist by law upon such precautionary measures as blue bottles, or yellow labels, or poison closets, or a poison-dispensing assistant, or any other of the dozen plans that are invariably suggested whenever we are startled by a case of accidental poisoning. Each chemist must be aware what are the wisest precautions for himself to adopt, but no special legislation is likely to aid a better observance of such measures if the consciousness of their position, and the dread of criminal punishment are not sufficient to deter even the most careful druggist from occasionally leaving their business to incompetent assistants, or from dispensing their medicines hurriedly or incautiously.

Those who prescribe are scarcely less liable to mistakes than those who dispense. The other day, a physician in Paris unintentionally prescribed for a lady two pills, each containing one grain of strychnine. The poison was swallowed, and, wonderful to relate, without a fatal result. Within a still more recent date, a gentleman in London has had an equally miraculous escape. He had been recommended, by an eminent physician, under certain circumstances, to send to the chemist for one-third of a grain of morphia; instead of which he sent for three grains. They were sent him in three pills, which the invalid took one after the other. He luckily became very sick, and soon recovered.

Scarcely a year passes without cases occurring of murder or suicide, in which strychnine is the agent made use of; and such is certain to be the case as long as there is free trade in

the sale of drugs—as long as grocers are permitted to sell Battle's vermin-killer, or preparations of a similar description, to every person who looks for them. The advantages and difficulties, however, of restricting the sale of drugs have been so often argued, that it is useless to repeat them. We hasten to say what little is known of the antidotes of strychnine. Tannin has already been mentioned; its good effects rest chiefly on the authority of continental physicians. M. Tilley, in 1841, published a case in which a spoonful of laurel water, which would contain some tannin, was given after a tetanic fit. The patient vomited immediately afterwards; another spoonful was then given, upon which the spasm became less violent, and entirely disappeared after a third spoonful of the laurel water.

In 1842, Dr. Lüdorche prescribed tannin in a case where half a grain of strychnine had been swallowed—and death did not ensue. That the preservation of life depended upon the tannic acid requires further proof.

In the mean time another foreigner, M. Donné of Paris, has stated that he has found iodine, bromine, and chlorine to be antidotes for the alkaloid of *nux vomica*, as well as for the other vegetable alkaloids. One grain of strychnine, followed immediately by tincture of iodine, was given to animals, which sustained no harm; but a delay of ten minutes rendered the antidote useless. No experiments appear to have been carried out to discover if the same advantages can be derived in cases of poisoning by *nux vomica* itself.

In the American Journal of Sciences, October, 1855, a perfectly new antidote is mentioned, which, should it prove on further trial satisfactory, will have the great advantage of being always at hand: this is lard. Its antidotal properties are founded upon the following circumstance. A gentleman having been much annoyed by some dogs, resolved to poison them. For this purpose a piece of meat containing one grain of strychnine, was placed on the ground beside some lard. A dog was observed to eat both meat and lard without being poisoned. The next night three pieces of meat were laid down containing strychnine, and no lard placed near it. In the morning three dogs were found dead. In nine instances, in which lard was given with the strychnine, the animals did not die. In eleven cases where no lard was given, all died. Half a grain was sufficient to produce death; but three grains failed when lard was used.

What are the tests for strychnine? Do any exist? or is the poison as subtle as it is powerful, accomplishing its frightful work of

torture and death without leaving a trace of its presence behind?

Tests there are, and plenty. The subject has been carefully and laboriously worked at, both by chemists and physiologists; and from time to time new means of detecting the poison have been discovered, rivalling each other in delicacy, until one of the most distinguished physiologists of the age has succeeded in demonstrating the presence of so minute an atom as the twenty-five-hundredth part of a grain.

If nitric acid be dropped upon powdered *nux vomica*, an orange red color is produced. The same is the case with strychnine, as it is ordinarily met with in the shops, which is always more or less impure. But when the strychnine is quite pure, no change occurs. It was therefore necessary, on the discovery of strychnine, to search for some other substance which would be entirely depended on. In the course of a few years, several tests were discovered. In 1843, a French chemist, M. Marchand, announced that when strychnine is rubbed with peroxide of lead, and sulphuric acid, with some nitric acid, a blue mass is formed, which becomes successively violet, red, and yellow. Another chemist soon found that oxide of manganese has a very similar effect. Another test is chromate of potash, which produces a magnificent violet color. Chloride of gold, when added to strychnine dissolved in acetic acid, causes a yellowish white powder to be formed.

But besides these and several other chemical tests, the presence of a poison which acts with the characteristic violence of strychnine is capable of physiological proof; that is to say, if a portion of the suspected substance be introduced into the system of a living creature, and convulsion and spasm ensue, we may infer with certainty that strychnine is present.

This mode of proof, in addition to the ordinary tests, has been made use of at the recent case of poisoning at Leeds with great success. Two mice, two rabbits, and a guinea-pig were inoculated with the spirituous extract obtained from the stomach. The first mouse died in two minutes, the second in twelve minutes, and one rabbit in fifty minutes, from the first introduction of the poison. The symptoms preceding death were in each case general distress, disturbed respiration, twitchings and jerkings of the limbs, and rigidity of the body. The other rabbit suffered similarly, but after lying for a while apparently dead, it evidently recovered. In the guinea-pig the spasms were not so violent, but the next day the animal was found dead. Here the evidence thus obtained was most conclusive. But it is easy to suppose that life might be destroyed

by a dose of strychnine, and yet that sufficient poison might not be produced after death to act secondarily upon an animal the size of a rabbit, or even a mouse; the physiological test, in short, would have been pronounced a failure from its want of delicacy; had not Dr. Marshall Hall, who has paid much attention to the action of strychnine, resolved upon trying similar experiments upon frogs, in whom, as in all other cold-blooded animals, the nervous force is far better observed than in the higher classes.

He commenced his experiments by immersing a frog in water in which was dissolved one thirty-third of a grain of a salt of strychnine. The frog died, after exhibiting the usual phenomena. Another frog was destroyed by being subjected in the same manner to the influence of the one-fiftieth of a grain. These frogs were not affected in so striking a manner as Dr. Hall had hoped; they had been some time removed from the pools; the experiments were shortly afterwards continued upon young male frogs fresh from their native swamps, these being the most susceptible; and by the twelfth of January, 1856, he was able to state that he had been enabled to detect the one-thousandth of a grain.

On the twenty-ninth of March he commu-

nicated the result of further experiments, which are in the highest degree satisfactory. He had detected by means of the strychnoscopic frog the one two-thousand five hundredth of a grain. He had, moreover, destroyed a cat by one-sixth of a grain, had had the stomach prepared so as to get rid of all unnecessary matters, and after the lapse of some time, had placed in it successively three frogs. What Dr. Hall terms strychnism was induced in all three. How small a quantity of strychnine remained in the stomach, it is impossible to say; but that it must have been extremely minute is manifest, since a sixth of a grain is almost the minimum that will destroy a cat, and therefore almost the whole of it must have been absorbed by the blood-vessels, in the destruction of that animal. Especial thanks are due to Dr. Marshall Hall for the immediate publicity he has given to his interesting experiments. He has thus dissipated the fatal delusion that strychnine cannot, like mineral poisons, be detected after death. With our present knowledge, it may be said with perfect confidence, that as no poison produces during life such marked and characteristic effects, so none is more certainly detected after death than the vegetable poison, strychnine.

**DESOLATION OF PALESTINE.** — In Palestine you are nearly as much in the wilderness as when in Arabia, for as to inhabitants they are precisely the things which do not exist for all you can tell, except in the towns and villages you pass through. You ride on day after day, and you rise over each hill, and you sink into each valley, and except an occasional solitary traveller with his servant and his muleteer, or a Turkish official with his party, rarely does a moving object appear upon the landscape. No cattle are on the land, and no passengers are on the highways. How lonely it is; and this loneliness strikes you more than that of the Desert, for it seems unnatural because here there should be life and there is none. Sometimes you may make out at a distance on the hillside a single figure, a man upon a donkey. It is the only moving thing your eye can detect all round. And so you go on through this desolate land. From Jerusalem to Beyrout you scarcely light upon one single scene of rural industry — not one single scene of life that can be compared with those on the Arab pastures from the top of Jabel El Sufar to the wells of El Mileh. There in places the country was full of people and children, and flocks and herds — a rejoicing picture of pastoral existence in all its abounding wealth; while here, in the country of tillage, and towns, and villages, the whole

land seemed to lie under a spell. — *Louth's Wanderer in Arabia.*

**THE CANADIAN PUBLIC** reap all the advantage to be derived from American cheap literature, as the works printed from English copyrights can be imported into the colony by payment of a small duty. The Canadian publishers, I fancy, would prefer that the British law of copyright should extend to Canada, or rather that British copyright works printed in the States should be excluded from entering Canada, but that they should be allowed to print them, paying a royalty to the author. As the case stands at present, although there is a very large reading public in Canada, every day increasing with the extension of education, as well as by the increase of population, the British author enjoys from it not the slightest profit. — *Kingston's Western Wanderings.*

**WEIGHT OF BEES.** — It is not often that insects have been weighed; but Reaumur's curiosity was excited to know the weight of bees; and he found that 336 weighed an ounce, and 5,376 a pound. According to John Hunter, an ale-house pint contains 2,160 workers. — *Kirbey and Spence's Entomology.*

From Household Words.

## MR. ROWLANDS.

It is now some six or seven years since I first made acquaintance with the village of Hurstfield. I don't know that it has any particular beauty of site or neighborhood to distinguish it from other places in Hampshire. It has the same pure air, the same rich country all round—for it lies far away from the pastoral and romantic part of the county,—but it has no fine views, no show houses, nothing, in short, but what every English hamlet can boast of in an equal degree,—and yet I like it better than the most picturesque situation in the world; better than crowded watering-places on the sea, or swarming retreats upon the lakes. Hurstfield is ugly, lonely, deserted,—and very cheap. Once upon a time a dozen four-horse coaches passed through it every day. There were horns heard as the watchful guard caught the first glance of the Buffalo Inn. Horses were changed in less than a minute, the luxurious Jehu smoking his cigar, and never descending from the box. Horns with a different tone were sounded at a later hour when the up Highflyer stopped at the Buffalo to dine. Landlady, barmaid, and waiters formed a corps of honor to receive the dining coach. The insides tumbled out, and the outsides tumbled down; and in hungry hurry and confusion, all tumbled in and took seats without ceremony, at the well-spread table. How so much food could be disposed of in fifteen minutes, and how such a charge could be made for cold meat and stale bread, were equally puzzling questions to landlord and traveller; but neither party stopped to discuss them. The stuffed and infuriated passenger paid his three-and-sixpence, and resumed his place, thinking he had been robbed; the grumbling landlord looked at the diminished size of a round of beef as if he had been grievously wronged. But horns were heard no more, either with rapid note demanding a change of horses, or with more genial voice giving warning to get the dishes on the table. The last dinner was eaten; the last coach disappeared. Hurstfield grew into a really quiet, out-of-the-way village,—the Buffalo ceased to be an inn, except in a very small portion of its former self. The right wing was converted into a separate dwelling-house, the left wing was used as a barn, and the Buffalo, with tremendous tail

and gilded horns, swung on the centre part of the ancient hostelry, and still held out a promise of good entertainment for man and beast. And not in vain. There was still a stall or two in the stable, and just above the signboard was a suite of rooms, so calm, so cool, so bright, that they formed a wonderful contrast to the dingy apartments which it was my fate to occupy for ten months of the year in town—and the maid was so active, and so pleasant to look upon, and the landlady was a widow, and quite accommodated to her fallen fortunes,—so motherly and attentive, that before I had been established in the rooms a week, I felt at home. To an Englishman, especially if he has travelled abroad, or if he has inhabited a London lodging, that word expresses all. I felt at home, and that is the reason I prefer Hurstfield to the most picturesque and aristocratic residence in England. How I walked from village to village, guided across the low levels by the tapering spires of some old churches, and sometimes cheered in my progress by the pleasant sound of their bells. How beautifully those gray old towers rise, clear and solemn in the calm evening air, and seem so fitted to their position that a church in a great roaring dirty London street seems by contrast entirely out of place. But a truce to walks and steeple-chases such as I have mentioned. The proper study of mankind is man, so I invited the surgeon of Hurstfield to dinner. The place of the ancient barber, both in regard to phlebotomy and garrulity, is supplied by the modern village doctor. This was a very good specimen of the tribe. He knew everybody far and near,—and all professionally—not that he had attended on the innumerable families he named—but his memorials of them consisted of the illnesses they had gone through, and the accidents they had met with. The Smiths of Yewston, were very delightful people—three of the young ladies had had the scarlet fever three years ago. The Browns of Elm Lodge, wonderfully clever,—the eldest daughter had had the small-pox, but it left no mark. Robinson of Bowdan was one of the best Hebrew scholars in England, and had broken his leg—a compound fracture—seven years before. When he came nearer home he was more diffuse in his medico-personal anecdotes. He told me the number of times the grocer's wife had been bled. The curate must have



been a favorite with his physician, for he was described as an admirable preacher, and subject to inflammation of the liver. And one man he told me (he was sure I must have seen him) an old man very meanly dressed, who walked for hours on the shady side of the road opposite my window. You would almost think he was a gentleman, — perhaps he was — he was miserably poor and very proud, and despised medicine altogether. My friend had pressed a box of pills upon him, had begged him to accept a small phial of Gregory's Mixture; but the independent pauper (so Sangrado, in his indignation, called him) told him to throw physic to the dogs, as he would have none of it: "A very impudent thing to say, sir, as if I were a veterinary surgeon."

I had seen the man. There was something in his appearance that struck me, a sort of respectability run to seed, but with no loss of personal dignity (as if the man felt the inconvenience of poverty, but none of the degradation), which made me resolve to make his acquaintance.

"You'll find him a queer man, sir," said the doctor. "I believe he was born in this parish, of a highly honorable family. They've all passed away. I believe he hasn't a shilling, but he's as lofty as ever. Gregory's Mixture would be excellent in his stomach, for he complains of indigestion, and says it is on that account he never tastes animal food. I guess," continued this delicate-minded practitioner, with a chuckling laugh, as he poured out another glass of sherry, — "I guess there's another reason for his abstinence, and that is his indigestion would be greatly alleviated by a pound of beefsteaks. His name, sir? His name is Rowlands — no profession — no money — he sleeps somewhere above the stable of the Buffalo — and has a Latin Virgil in his pocket — a queer man, sir, and I should say not quite right up here." Esculapius touched his forehead, and finished the bottle.

Next day I joined Mr. Rowlands in his walk. If he had been the great Sully retired to the Château of Rosny, taking his exercise, followed by his hundred halberdiers, he could not have been more unlike the pauper he had been described. He was easy, dignified, courteous. I scarcely knew how to begin my conversation; but the gentleman shone upon me from the midst of his rags: from

under that tattered old hat: from forth of those patched shoes and terribly worn-out gaiters — like Louis the Fourteenth encouraging a modest débutant at his court. He spoke of the scenery, of the town, of the people. He found out I had not forgotten my classics. We were on familiar ground at once: he talked, and criticized, and quoted. He was Virgilian to the backbone; I was Horatian to the bottom of my heart. The man glowed with enthusiasm. He forgot his sixty-seven years, his bed of straw in the loft, his crumpled shirt, his mended coat: and so did I. Bayard would have been without fear and without reproach, if set up as a scarecrow in a cornfield. Chatham would have been stately, if dressed like an Irish reaper. Mr. Rowlands was a delightful companion, though he might have excited suspicion in the heart of an officer of the Mendicity Society. How had he come into this condition? How had a man so evidently cultivated and refined sunk into a state which an inhabitant of the poor-house would not envy? Had he gambled, drank, cheated? The man's whole mind and manner put any of these suppositions out of the question. I determined to ask him the particulars of his past life; but you might as well have asked the Duke of Wellington to tell you the plans of a campaign. There was a formality in the midst of all his politeness that kept you from familiarity; and I had known him several weeks; we had walked together a dozen times; he had dined with me often; and yet I never ventured to trench upon what all men, except fools, keep sacred, as if it were a tomb — the joys or sufferings of his youth. Let people talk as much as they like of the balls they have attended, the great folks they have seen, the friends they have conversed with — they are only agreeable companions in describing such scenes as these; but when a man or woman begins to lay before you the secrets of the heart: the agonies of the broken spirit: the shock of the deathbed: the pangs of unrequited or fickle love: don't trust them: there is no sincerity in their feelings; there is no solidity in their character. There are certain relics that must never be taken out of the shrine. When exposed to public gaze be sure they are only common pieces of wood; thorny crowns that never pressed the brow; nails that never touched the cross.



How long my ignorance of my old friend's adventures might have continued I cannot say. I don't think I ever could have brought myself to put the pistol-interrogative to his breast, and bid him stand and deliver; but a certain fortunate day brought with it the revelations I dared not to ask. And there were no adventures after all. He never was in love with a marquis' daughter, or fought a duel with a fair young lady's brother,—a prosaic life as ever I read and yet redeemed from the common-place of biography by a new method of consolation under his griefs unknown to Boethius: a consolation which, in a differently constituted mind, would have added to the pains of regret; but which enabled poor old Rowlands to bear up against the disappointments of his career and the advancing discomforts of age and want.

We were sitting at the open window one evening, occasionally observing the smoke of our cigars, as it floated gracefully into the open air, or curled like a dark-colored halo between the golden horns of the Buffalo, when that obese and frisky animal ceased from its swing, as if tired out with its exertions. "You wonder how I contrive to be so lively and contented," said Mr. Rowlands, "under all these suits and trappings of woe; but there is nothing strange in it when looked at philosophically. I am as poor as poor can be. In fact there is no word in the language to express how poor I am, except the dreadful one of actual destitution. That has not come yet; but it is coming; and when it does, why, after all, what worse off shall I be then than now? My freedom may be a little interfered with; but I am old now, and don't care much for walking. My dress will be of a different make and color, but what matter? I have not been a dandy for forty years; and I may perhaps be as happy in my beadsman's gown, as his lordship in cloth of gold."

I made a movement to speak. "I know what you are going to say," he said, "and I believe you are sincere: but a life must have its course. It has gone on hitherto exactly as I knew it would. Don't stop its current—don't turn it aside: a poor-house pallet—a pauper's grave—and he will also have his appointed end."

"Who?" I said.

"Ah! there I must let you a little into my secret," replied the old man, and smiled.

"I mean his lordship. I mentioned him this moment—myself."

I looked for an instant at his face, and he laughed outright.

"O no, I'm not mad," he said; "not even flighty. I don't believe in ghosts, though I have read stories which must make the most sceptic pause. I don't believe in German Doppelgangers, or haunted men, and yet—and yet," he said, after a pause, "his lordship and I are never apart."

I looked again incredulous, and he laughed again.

"Did you ever read the beautiful apologue of the choice of Hercules?" he said. I bowed.

"Well, all men have the same chance given them as the son of Alcmena. Some choose the good, some the evil; that is to say, in our modern phrase, some choose the way of success in life, and some the way of misfortune. I chose both."

"You could scarcely walk in both—at the same time," I said, waiting for the explanation of the riddle.

"O, yes, I did; they are not widely separated; they are always in sight of each other. It is pleasant to stand in the low way of poverty and disappointment, and look at the brilliant appearance presented on the upper road. It is like a beggar looking at the carriages in Hyde Park of a Sunday. With me the roads separated at school, when I was fifteen; and they have run parallel and therefore inconjoinable ever since. Since that time, I have always clearly before my eyes two figures,—one is the man I am, the other the man I might have been. I have traced the career of the second personage as clearly as that of the first. It is a great comfort to me; I rejoice in his success as if it were my own; and what matters it whether I go into the union or not. Is not he in the House of Lords? Why should I complain of being useless, cast aside, despised? Isn't he the advocate of reform; the corrector of vice; the friend of the destitute? honored for his virtues? revered for his wisdom?"

"I was the cleverest boy at the greatest of the English schools. Before I was sixteen my talents had attracted notice in many quarters outside the college walls. A tall man, with pursed up lips and frigid expression, stood next the king at one of the examinations. I was the hero of the day.

George the Third spluttered out, 'Good boy, good boy! clever, eh! very clever!' a hundred times, pretending he understood what was going on. The tall gentleman said nothing till he was going away. He then took me by the hand, told me to go on with my studies, but not to neglect contemporary affairs. 'If I am in power three years hence, come to me; this introduction will suffice.' Mr. Pitt stalked away and I never saw him again. At the end of three years, I saw, very clearly what I ought to do; but I did not do it. I wandered through the fields with a book in my hand. I was shy, — proud perhaps; 'If he remembers me,' I said, he will make inquiry; if he has forgotten me, he will order me out of his room.' But the gentleman I told you of — the man I might have been — went to Downing Street on his nineteenth birthday. He took Mr. Pitt by the hand; he said I have done as you advised. To gain the privilege of visiting you thus, I have studied night and day. What further command do you give me? Pitt smiled; advised him to go to college, to practise oratory, to control his poetic fancies sufficiently to make them the embellishment of his oratory, not the employment of his life.

"'And my profession?' inquired the youth.

"'The bar. It will accustom you to the use of your weapons. But come to me often. I give no commands; we will take counsel together, and decide what is to be done.'

"Meanwhile, I fell in love. My father had left me five thousand pounds. I thought two hundred and fifty pounds a-year a fortune for a prince. So did Mary Lambert, — and when I was three-and-twenty we married. She was nineteen. She had been very poor all her life, and believed our income would last forever. She had never had handsome clothes. She dressed like a princess; I liked her better in the russet gown she used to wear, when I courted her at her father's farm, and helped her over the stile with the milk-pails. She was very beautiful, and could scarcely read. She did not see the use of books, but was always so delighted to show her new gowns, her fashionable bonnets, her Indian shawls, to her former equals, that she spent our year's income in a milliner's shop, and we went rapidly into debt.

I had my own resources, and read more than ever. I tried even to compose, but never could please myself with my work. I threw away a novel before it was half-finished, a poem at the fifth stanza, a political pamphlet before I had arranged the arguments, — and contented myself with listening to the applause bestowed on the protégé of Mr. Pitt. His first speech in parliament — he was a member for a family borough — was a miracle. His paper on French aggression (the one I did not write) was thought the finest political work since Burke on the Revolution. Pitt died, and he was called out of Westminster Hall, and established in Downing Street. At this time I left the comfortable house we had lived in since our marriage; the expense of our establishment was too great. I had now a child, a daughter of six years' old, and I regretted our extravagance for her sake. We had run through more than half our principal, and I insisted on retrenchment. My wife did not comprehend the word, but bought new gowns, though, in the out-of-the-way place I fled to, there was no one to admire their beauty. She clothed Matilda in lace and satin. She loved me with all her heart; but never understood that it was possible for a man to love his wife, and yet refuse her a velvet cloak at two guineas a-yard. She thought I disliked her; she was sure I hated the child; I adored them both, and they had each a mantle of Genoa pile, and we had now but ninety pounds a-year. But young Rowlands of the Treasury sufficed for all. He had married the only daughter of the noble lord who had given him his first seat. His eloquence was still the shield of the ministry, and there was no elevation he might not hope to attain. He had energy, strength of will, perseverance. He had no bashfulness nor awkward distrust of his own powers. His wife was a paragon of beauty, a patroness of Almack's, — his child, a miracle of loveliness and health, Matilda was as beautiful as his Charlotte — the queen was her godmother — and, dressed as an Arcadian shepherdess with petticoat of finest silk, and flesh-colored silk stockings, visible up to the knee, was a model for Bernard Palissy: but her apparel, I suppose, though very exquisite to look at, was not warm enough for a bleak cottage in Yorkshire — and she caught cold. A doctor was instantly summoned. He came from Scar-

borough, at a guinea a mile. The mother grew distracted, took a fever from waiting on her child, and blamed me, in her delirium, as the murderer of her darling, by refusing to send to London for the body-physician of the king. I watched them both: there was no hope; we had not paid the rent of the house; the landlord was pressing. I had no money left — fees, medicine, gowns and living had swallowed all. We had but one tallow candle in the room where the two were dying. I was the only watcher. I sat with a hand of each locked in mine.

“Do you love your father, my child?” I said.

“O yes, papa, better than all the world.”

“And you, my wife?”

“Yes — dearly —”

“How lonely you will be,” said my daughter, “without us both!”

“And how poor!” said my wife.

“And then daylight peeped in at that small chamber.

“I was indeed poor and very lonely. But Rowlands up in London was very gay. He had just been created a baronet, and his father-in-law had left him eight thousand a-year. Sitting by the side of that trundle-bed, listening to the sighings and sobs of the two dearest and last of my possessions, I heard also the strains of music at a ball in Portman Square. Miss Rowlands had just come out, the exact image of my Matilda — there was no difference there — and danced with a duke of twenty-two. They were a beautiful couple; and she looked so strong, so happy, and so healthy, that it was very difficult to turn away and gaze on the still, cold features of my poor Matilda — her closed eyes and folded hands.

“I lived for some years, sir, I know not how. I think I must have been tutor to somebody, or have kept a school; but I was principally concerned with the progress of the Secretary for Home Affairs — what plans of improvement he proposed, how he insisted on simplifying the law, on promoting merit, or on raising the people! All these were aspirations of my own; but I was shy, I was powerless, I never could gain a patron; I could only think and dream. A small legacy was left me; I came down here; some of the money is not yet spent. I have a few books; I have many recollections. I

am very happy; and Rowlands is Lord Oakland — the name of our old estate which he bought back some years ago — and they say is looking out for the blue ribband.”

When I came down to Hurstfield in the following year, the play was played out. He was in the Union workhouse, and, I was told, was dying. I went to see him, and found him in the ward appropriated to the sick. There were several beds ranged against the wall. I suppose they took me for the doctor when I entered, for they all looked at me with expectation. On finding their mistake, they resigned themselves sulkily to their pillows again, and took no notice of what I did. I went to the old man's bed. He smiled when he saw me. “I thought you would come,” he said; “you said you came to Hurstfield every August, and I knew you would not forget me. I told you how it would be. I would not let you interfere. I wanted to work out the great proposition, and to prove that idleness ends here. Point out to your friends the difference between the lives of myself and Oakland. We are both dying — for since I came here his lordship has been very ill. I look around me, and see strange faces, unanswering eyes. I experience neglect, and have none to watch me — the human feelings get all dried up here — but his lordship,” he said, “how hard he breathes! he can't last long; but see what comforts he has round his bed. He has his wife, his child; and these fair sunny-haired boys and girls, these are his grandchildren. He need n't regret the course he has run. It is this that must give comfort to us both: I have none of my own to fly to. Give me your hand, sir; you have been very kind. Ha! a muffled peal! They are ringing the death-chime in the surrounding parishes for the Earl of Oakland — and hark again! there is the passing bell! It is for the poor old pauper, Rowlands.”

And so it was. I attended his funeral, and walked home with the village doctor. “A very dull, obstinate old man, sir,” he said, by way of epitaph, “as ever I saw in my life. He refused all assistance from his friends. He determined to be an inmate of the house; and — would you believe it, sir? — to the very last he refused all my medicine, and insulted me over and over with his absurd allusion to dogs.”

## CHAPTER XXII.

## AN UPTONIAN DESPATCH.

## "BRITISH LEGATION, NAPLES.

"My dear Harcourt, — It would seem that a letter of mine to you must have miscarried, a not unfrequent occurrence when entrusted to our Foreign Office for transmission. Should it ever reach you, you will perceive how unjustly you have charged me with neglecting your wishes. I have ordered the Sicilian wine for your friend. I have obtained the Royal leave for you to shoot in Calabria; and I assure you, it is rather a rare incident in my life to have forgotten nothing required of me! Perhaps you, who know me well, will do me this justice, and be the more grateful for my present promptitude.

"It was quite a mistake sending me here; for anything there is to be done, Spencer or Lonsdale would perfectly suffice. I ought to have gone to Vienna; and so they know at home — but it's the old game played over again. Important questions! why, my dear friend, there is not a matter between this country and our own that rises above the capacity of a colonel of dragoons. Meanwhile, really great events are preparing in the East of Europe — not that I am going to inflict them upon you, nor ask you to listen to speculations which even they in authority turn a deaf ear to.

"It is very kind of you to think of my health. I am still a sufferer, the old pains rather aggravated than relieved by this climate. You are aware that, though warm, the weather here has some exciting property, some excess or other of a peculiar gas in the atmosphere, prejudicial to certain temperaments. I feel it greatly, and though the season is midsummer, I am obliged to dress entirely in a light costume of buckskin, and take Marsalla baths, which refresh me, at least, for the while. I have also taken to smoke the leaves of the nux vomica steeped in arrack, and think it agrees with me. The king has most kindly placed a little villa at Ischia at my disposal; but I do not mean to avail myself of the politeness. The Duke of San Giustino has also offered me his palace at Baia, but I don't fancy leaving this just now where there is a doctor, a certain Tom-masso Buffeloni, who really seems to have hit off my case. He calls it arterial athritis, a kind of inflammatory action of one coat of the arterial system; his notion is highly ingenious, and wonderfully borne out by the symptoms. I wish you would ask Brodie, or any of our best men, whether they have met with this affection? what class it affects, and what course it usually takes? My Italian doctor implies, that it is the passing malady of men

highly excitable, and largely endowed with mental gifts. I think I can recognize the accuracy of this hypothesis. It is only nature makes the blunder of giving the sharpest swords the weakest scabbards — what a pity the weapon cannot be worn naked!

"You ask me if I like this place. I do, perhaps, as well as I should like anywhere. There is a wonderful sameness over the world just now, preluding, I have very little doubt, some great outburst of nationality for all the countries of Europe. Just as periods of Puritanism succeed intervals of gross licentiousness

"Society here is, therefore, as you see it in London or Paris, well-bred people, like gold, are current everywhere. There is really little peculiar to observe. I don't perceive that there is more levity than elsewhere. The difference is, perhaps, that there is less shame about it since it is under the protection of the Church.

"I go out very little: my notion is that the Diplomatist, like the ancient Augur, must not suffer himself to be vulgarized by contact. He can only lose, not gain, by that mixed intercourse with the world. I have a few who come when I want them, and go in like manner. They tell me what is going on far better and more truthfully than paid employés, and they cannot trace my intentions through my inquiries, and hasten off to retail them at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Of my colleagues I see as little as possible, though when we do meet, I feel an unbounded affection for them. So much for my life, dear Harcourt; on the whole, a very tolerable kind of existence, which if few would envy, still fewer would care to part with.

"I now come to the chief portion of your letter. — This boy of Glencore's, I rather like the account you give of him, better than you do yourself. Imaginative and dreamy he may be, but remember what he was, and where we have placed him. A moonstruck, romantic youth at a German University. Is it not painting the lily?

"I merely intended he should go to Göttingen to learn the language, always a difficulty if not abstracted from other and more dulcet sounds. I never meant to have him domesticated with some rusty Hochgelehrter, eating sauer kraut in company with a green-eyed Fraulein, and imbibing love and metaphysics together. Let him moon away, as you call it, my dear Harcourt. It is wonderfully little consequence what any one does with his intellect, till he be three or four-and twenty. Indeed I half suspect that the soil might be left quietly to rear weeds till that time, and as to dreaminess it signifies nothing if there be a strong physique.



With a weak frame, imagination will play the tyrant, and never cease till it dominate over all the other faculties; but where there is strength and activity, there is no fear of this.

"You amuse me with your account of the doctor; and so the Germans have actually taken him for a savant, and given him a degree 'honoris causa.' May they never make a worse blunder. The man is eminently remarkable, — with his opportunities, miraculous. I am certain, Harcourt, you never felt half the pleasure on arriving at a region well stocked with game, that he did on finding himself in a land of Libraries, Museums, and Collections. Fancy the poor fellow's ecstasy at being allowed to range at will through all ancient literature, of which hitherto a stray volume alone had reached him. Imagine his delight as each day opened new stores of knowledge to him, surrounded as he was by all that could encourage zeal and reward research. The boy's treatment of him pleases me much, it smacks of the gentle blood in his veins. Poor lad, there is something very sad in his case.

"You need not have taken such trouble about accounts and expenditure: of course, whatever you have done I perfectly approve of. You say that the boy has no idea of money or its value. There is both good and evil in this; and now as to his future. I should have no objection whatever to having him attached to my Legation here, and, perhaps, no great difficulty in effecting his appointment; but there is a serious obstacle in his position. The young men who figure at embassies and missions are all 'cognate numbers.' They each of them know who and what the other is, whence he came, and so on. Now our poor boy could not stand this ordeal, nor would it be fair he should be exposed to it. Besides this, it was never Glencore's wish, but the very opposite to it, that he should be brought prominently forward in life. He even suggested one of the colonies as the means of withdrawing him at once, and forever, from public gaze.

"You have interested me much by what you say of the boy's progress. His tastes, I infer, lie in the direction which, in a wordly sense, are least profitable; but after all, Harcourt, every one has brains enough, and to spare, for any career. Let us only decide upon that one most fitted for him, and depend upon it, his faculties will day by day conform to his duties, and his tastes be merely dissipations, just as play or wine is to coarser natures.

"If you really press the question of his coming to me, I will not refuse, seeing that I can take my own time to consider what steps subsequently should be adopted. How

is it that you know nothing of Glencore — can he not be traced?

"Lord Selby, whom you may remember in the Blues formerly, dined here yesterday, and mentioned a communication he had received from his lawyer, with regard to some property in tail; which, if Glencore should leave no heir male, devolved upon him. I tried to find out the whereabouts and the amount of this heritage; but with the admirable indifference that characterizes him, he did not know or care.

"As to my Lady, I can give you no information whatever; her house at Florence is uninhabited; the furniture is sold off; but no one seems to guess even whither she has betaken herself. The fast and loose of that pleasant city are, as I hear, actually houseless since her departure. No asylum open there with fire and cigars. A number of the destitute have come down here in half despair, amongst the rest, Scratchly — Major Scratchly, an insupportable nuisance of flat stories and stale gossip; one of those fellows who cannot make even malevolence amusing, and who speak ill of their neighbors without a single spark of wit. He has left three cards upon me, each duly returned; but I am resolved that our interchange of courtesies shall proceed no further.

"I trust I have omitted nothing in reply to your last dispatch, except it be to say, that I look for you here about September, or earlier, if as convenient to you; you will, of course, write to me, however, meanwhile.

"Do not mention having heard from me at the clubs or in society. I am, as I have the right to be, on the sick list, and it is as well my rest should remain undisturbed.

"I wish you had any means of making it known, that the article in the Quarterly, on our Foreign relations is not mine. The newspapers have coolly assumed me to be the author, and of course I am not going to give them the éclat of a personal denial. The fellow who wrote it must be an ass; since had he known what he pretends, he had never revealed it. He who wants to bag his bird, Colonel, never bangs away at nothing. I have now completed a longer dispatch to you than I intend to address to the Noble Secretary at F. O., and am yours, very faithfully,

"HORACE UPTON.

"Whose Magnesia is it that contains essence of Bark? Tripley's or Chipley's, I think; find it out for me and send me a packet through the office; put up Fauchard's pamphlet with it, on Spain, and a small box of those new blisters, Mouches they are called; they are to be had at Atkinson's. I have got so accustomed to their stimulat-

ing power that I never write without one or two on my forehead. They tell me the cautery, if dexterously applied, is better; but I have not tried it."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE TUTOR AND HIS PUPIL.

WE are not about to follow up the correspondence of Sir Horace, by detailing the reply which Harcourt sent, and all that thereupon ensued between them.

We pass over then some months of time, and arrive at the late autumn.

It is a calm, still morning; the sea, streaked with tinted shadows, is without a ripple; the ships of many nations that float on it are motionless; their white sails hung out to bleach; their ensigns drooping beside the masts. Over the summit of Vesuvius, for we are at Naples, a light blue cloud hangs, the solitary one in all the sky. A mild, plaintive song, the chant of some fishermen on the rocks, is the only sound, save the continuous hum of that vast city, which swells and falls at intervals.

Close beside the sea, seated on a rock, are two figures. One is that of a youth of some eighteen or nineteen years; his features, eminently handsome, wear an expression of gloomy pride, as in deep pre-occupation he gazes out over the bay; to all seeming, indifferent to the fair scene before him, and wrapped in his own sad thoughts. The other is a short, square-built, almost uncouth figure, overshadowed by a wide straw hat, which seems even to diminish his stature; a suit of black, wide and ample enough for one twice his size, gives something grotesque to an appearance to which his features contribute their share.

It is, indeed, a strange physiognomy, to which Celt and Calmuc seemed equally to contribute. The low over-hanging forehead; the intensely keen eye, sparkling with an almost imp-like drollery, are contrasted by a firmly compressed mouth, and a far-projecting under jaw, that imply sternness even to cruelty; a mass of waving black hair, that covers neck and shoulders, adds a species of savagery to a head, which assuredly has no need of such aid. Bent down over a large quarto volume, he never lifts his eyes; but, intently occupied, his lips are rapidly repeating the words as he reads them.

"Do you mean to pass the morning here?" asks the youth at length, "or where shall I find you later on?"

"I'll do whatever you like best," said the other in a rich brogue, "I'm agreeable to go or stay, 'ad utramparatus,'" and Billy Traynor, for it was he, shut up his venerable volume.

"I don't wish to disturb you," said the

boy mildly, "you can read." "I cannot; I have a fretful, impatient feeling over me, that, perhaps, will go off with exercise. I'll set out then for a walk, and come back here towards evening, then go and dine at the Rocca, and afterwards whatever you please."

"If you say that, then," said Billy, in a voice of evident delight, "we'll finish the day at the Professor Tadeucci's, and get him to go over that analysis again."

"I have no taste for chemistry. It always seems to me to end where it began," said the boy impatiently. "Where do all researches tend to? how are you elevated in intellect? how are your thoughts higher, wider, nobler, by all these mixings and manipulations?"

"Is it nothing to know how thunder and lightning is made? to understand electricity, to dive into the secrets of that old crater there, and see the ingredients in the crucible that was bilin' three thousand years ago?"

"These things appeal more grandly to my imagination, when the mystery of their forces is unrevealed. I like to think of them as dread manifestations of a mighty will, rather than gaseous combinations, or metallic affinities."

"And what prevents you?" said Billy, eagerly, "is the grandeur of the phenomenon impaired, because it is in part intelligible? Ain't you elevated as a reasoning being, when you get, what I may call, a peep into God's workshop, rather than by implicitly accepting results just as any old woman accepts a superstition?"

"There is something ignoble in mechanism," said the boy angrily.

"Don't say that, while your heart is beatin' and your arteries is contractin'—never say it as long as your lungs dilate or collapse. It's mechanism makes water burst out of the ground, and, swelling into streams, flow as mighty rivers through the earth. It's mechanism that raises the sap to the topmost bough of the cedar tree that waves over Lebanon. 'Tis the same power moves planets above, just to show us that as there is nothing without a cause—there is one great and final 'Cause' behind all."

"And will you tell me," said the boy, sneeringly, "that a sunbeam pours more gladness into your heart, because the machinery of a prism has explained to you the composition of light?"

"God's blessings never seemed the less to me, because he taught me the beautiful laws that guide them," said Billy, reverently: "every little step that I take out of darkness is on the road, at least, to Him."

In part abashed by the words, in part admonished by the tone of the speaker, the boy was silent for some minutes. "You know, Billy," said he, at length, "that I

spoke in no irreverence—that I would no more insult your convictions than I would outrage my own. It is simply that it suits my dreamy indolence to like the wonderful better than the intelligible; and you must acknowledge that there never was so palatable a theory for ignorance.”

“Aye, but I don’t want you to be ignorant,” said Billy, earnestly; “and there’s no greater mistake than supposing that knowledge is an impediment to the play of fancy. Take my word for it, Master Charles, imagination, no more than any one else, does not work best in the dark.”

“I certainly am no adept under such circumstances,” said the boy. “I have n’t told you what happened me in the studio last night. I went in without a candle, and, trying to grope my way to the table, I overturned the large olive jar, full of clay, against my Niobe, and smashed her to atoms.”

“Smashed Niobe!” cried Billy, in horror.

“In pieces. I stood over her sadder than ever she felt herself, and I have not had the courage to enter the studio since.”

“Come, come let us see if she could n’t be restored,” said Billy, rising. “Let us go down there together.”

“You may, if you have any fancy—there’s the key,” said the boy. “I’ll return there no more till the rubbish be cleared away,” and so saying he moved off, and was soon out of sight.

Deeply grieving over this disaster, Billy Traynor hastened from the spot, but he had only reached the garden of the Chiaja when he heard a faint, weak voice calling him by his name; he turned, and saw Sir Horace Upton, who, seated in a sort of portable arm-chair, was enjoying the fresh air from the sea.

“Quite a piece of good fortune to meet you, Doctor,” said he smiling; “neither you nor your pupil have been near me for ten days or more.”

“Tis our own loss then, your Excellency,” said Billy, bowing; “even a chance few minutes in your company, is like whetting the intellectual razor—I feel myself sharper for the whole day after.”

“Then, why not come oftener, man?—are you afraid of wearing the steel all away?”

“Tis more afraid I am of gapping the fine edge of your Excellency, by contact with my own ruggedness,” said Billy, obsequiously.

“You were intended for a courtier, Doctor,” said Sir Horace smiling.

“If there was such a thing as a court fool now-a-days, I’d look for the place.”

“The age is too dull for such a function-

ary. They’ll not find ten men in any country of Europe equal to the office,” said Sir Horace. “One has only to see how lamentably dull are the journals dedicated to wit and drollery to admit this fact; though written by many hands—now rare it is to chance upon what provokes a laugh. You’ll have fifty metaphysicians anywhere before you’ll hit on one Moliere. Will you kindly open this umbrella for me. This autumnal sun, they say, gives sun-stroke. And now what do you think of this boy—he’ll not make a diplomatist, that’s clear?”

“He’ll not make anything—just for one simple reason, because he could be whatever he pleased.”

“An intellectual spendthrift,” sighed Sir Horace. “What a hopeless bankruptcy it leads to.”

“My notion is ’t would be spoiling him entirely to teach him a trade or a profession. Let his great faculties shoot up without being trimmed or trained—don’t want to twist or twine or turn them, at all, but just see whether he won’t, out of his uncurbed nature, do better than all our discipline could effect. There’s no better colt than the one that was never backed till he was a five-year old.”

“He ought to have a career,” said Sir Horace thoughtfully. “Every man ought to have a calling, if only that he may be able to abandon it.”

“Just as a sailor has a point of departure,” said Billy.

“Precisely,” said Sir Horace, pleased at being so well appreciated.

“You are aware, Doctor,” resumed he, after a pause, “that the lad will have little or no private fortune. There are family circumstances that I cannot enter into, nor would your own delicacy require it, that will leave him almost entirely dependent on his own efforts. Now, as time is rolling over, we should bethink us what direction it were wisest to give his talents—for he has talents.”

“He has genius and talents both,” said Billy; “he has the raw material and the workshop to manufacture it.”

“I am rejoiced to hear such an account from one so well able to pronounce,” said Sir Horace, blandly; and Billy bowed, and blushed with a sense of happiness that none but humble men, so praised, could ever feel.

“I should like much to hear what you would advise for him,” said Upton.

“He’s so full of promise,” said Billy “that whatever he takes to I’ll be sure to fancy he’d be better at something else. See now—it isn’t a bull I’m sayin’, but I’ll make a blunder of it if I try to explain.”

"Go on, I think I apprehend you."

"By coorse you do. Well, it's that same feelin' makes me cautious of sayin' what he ought to do. For, after all, a variety of capacity implies discursiveness, and discursiveness is the mother of failure."

"You speak like an oracle, Doctor."

"If I do it's because the priest is beside me," said Billy, bowing. "My notion is this, I'd let him cultivate his fine gifts for a year or two, in any way he liked—in work or idleness—for they'll grow in the fallow as well as in the tilled land. I'd let him be whatever he liked—striving always, as he's sure to be striving after something higher, and greater, and better than he'll ever reach; and then when he has felt both his strength and his weakness, I'd try and attach him to some great men in public life; set a grand ambition before him and say, 'go on.'"

"He's scarcely the stuff for public life," muttered Sir Horace.

"He is," said Billy, boldly.

"He'd be easily abashed—easily deterred by failure."

"Sorra bit. Success might cloy, but failure would never damp him."

"I can't fancy him a speaker."

"Rouse him by a strong theme and a flat contradiction, and you'll see what he can do."

"And then his lounging, idle habits——"

"He'll do more in two hours than any one else in two days."

"You are a warm admirer, my dear Doctor," said Sir Horace smiling blandly. "I should almost rather have such a friend than the qualities that win the friendship. Have you a message for me, Antonie," said he to a servant who stood at a little distance, waiting the order to approach. The man came forward, and whispered a few words, Sir Horace's cheek gave a faint—the very faintest possible sign of flush—as he listened, and uttering a brief, "Very well," dismissed the messenger.

"Will you give me your arm, Doctor?" said he languidly; and the elegant Sir Horace Upton passed down the crowded promenade leaning on his uncouth companion, without the slightest consciousness of the surprise and sarcasm around him. No man more thoroughly could appreciate conventionalities; he would weigh the effect of appearances to the veriest nicety; but in practice he seemed either to forget this knowledge or despise it. So that as leaning on the little dwarf's arm he moved along, his very air of fashionable languor seemed to heighten the absurdity of the contrast. Nay, he actually seemed to bestow an almost deferential attention to what the other said—bowing blandly his

acquiescence, and smiling with an urbanity all his own.

Of the crowd that passed, nearly all knew the English minister. Uncovered heads were bent obsequiously; graceful salutations met him as he went—while a hundred conjectures ran as to who and what might be his companion.

He was a mesmeric professor, a writer in cypher, a Rabbi, an Egyptian explorer, an alchemist, an African traveller, and at last, Mons. Thiers!—and so the fine world of Naples discussed the humble individual, whom you and I, dear reader, are acquainted with as Billy Traynor.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### HOW A "RECEPTION" COMES TO ITS CLOSE.

ON the evening of that day, the handsome salons of the great Hotel Universo were filled with a brilliant assemblage, to compliment the Princess Sabloukoff on her arrival. We have already introduced this lady to the reader, and have no need to explain the homage and attention of which she was the object. There is nothing which so perfectly illustrates the maxim of "*ignotum pro magnifico*" as the career of politics; certain individuals obtaining, as they do, a pre-eminence and authority from a species of mysterious prestige about them, and a reputation of having access at any moment to the highest personage in the world of state affairs. Doubtless great ministers are occasionally not sorry to see the public full cry on a false scent, and encourage to a certain extent this mystification; but still it would be an error to deny to such persons as we speak of a knowledge, if not actually an influence, in great affairs.

When the Swedish Chancellor uttered his celebrated sarcasm on the governing capacities of Europe, the political Salon, as a state engine, was not yet in existence. What additional energy might it have given to his remark, had he known that the tea-table was the chapel of ease to the council-room, and gossip a new power in the state. Despotie governments are always curious about public opinion; they dread while affecting to despise it. They, however, make a far greater mistake than this, for they imagine its true exponent to be the society of the highest in rank and station.

It is not necessary to insist upon an error so palpable, and yet it is one of which nearly every Capitol of Europe affords example; and the same council chamber that would treat a popular movement with disdain, would tremble at the epigram launched by some "elegant" of society. The theory is, the masses act, but never think: the higher ranks think, and set the rest in motion.



Whether well or ill-founded, one consequence of the system is to inundate the world with a number of persons, who, no matter what their station or pretensions, are no other than spies. If it be observed that, generally speaking, there is nothing worth recording—that society, too much engaged with its own vicissitudes, troubles itself little with those of the state; let it be remembered that the governments which employ these agencies are in a position to judge of the value of what they receive; and as they persevere in maintaining them, they are, doubtless, in some degree remunerated.

To hold this high detective employ, a variety of conditions are essential. The individual must have birth and breeding to gain access to the highest circles; conciliating manners and ample means. If a lady, she is usually young, and a beauty, or has the fame of having once been such. The strangest part of all is, that her position is thoroughly appreciated. She is recognized everywhere for what she is; and yet her presence never seems to impose a restraint or suggest a caution. She becomes in reality less a discoverer than a depository of secrets. Many have something to communicate, and are only at a loss as to the channel. They have found out a political puzzle, hit a state blot, or unravelled a cabinet mystery. Others are in possession of some personal knowledge of royalty. They have marked the displeasure of the Queen Dowager, or seen the anger of the Crown Prince. Profitable as such facts are, they are nothing without a market. Thus it is that these characters exercise a wider sphere of influence than might be naturally ascribed to them, and possess besides a terrorizing power over society, the chief members of which are at their mercy.

It is, doubtless, not a little humiliating that such should be the instruments of a government, and that royalty should avail itself of such agencies; but the fact is so, and perhaps an inquiry into the secret working of democratic institutions, might not make one a whit more proud of Popular Sovereignty.

Amongst the proficient in the great science we speak of, the Princess held the first place. Mysterious stories ran of her acquaintance with affairs the most momentous: there were narratives of her complicity in even darker events. Her name was quoted by Savary in his secret report of the Emperor Paul's death—an allusion to her was made by one of the assassins of Murat—and a gloomy record of a celebrated incident in Louis Philippe's life ascribed to her a share in a terrible tragedy. Whether believed or not, they added to the prestige that attended her, and

she was virtually a puissance in European politics.

To all the intriguists in state affairs her arrival was actually a boon. She could and would give them out of her vast capital, enough to establish them successfully in trade. To the minister of police she brought accurate descriptions of suspected characters—the “signalements” of Carbonari that were threatening half the thrones of Europe. To the foreign secretary she brought tidings of the favor in which a great Emperor held him, and a shadowy vision of the grand cross he was one day to have. She had forbidden books for the cardinal confessor, and a case of smuggled cigars for the minister of finance. The picturesque language of a *Journal de Modes* could alone convey the rare and curious details of dress which she imported for the benefit of the court ladies. In a word, she had something to secure her a welcome in every quarter—and all done with a tact and a delicacy that the most susceptible could not have resisted.

If the tone and manner of good society present little suitable to description, they are yet subjects of great interest to him who would study men in their moods of highest subtlety and astuteness. To mere passing careless observation, the reception of the Princess was a crowded gathering of a number of well-dressed people, in which the men were in far larger proportion than the other sex. There was abundance of courtesy; not a little of that half flattering compliment which is the small change of intercourse: some—not much—scandal, and a fair share of animated small talk. It was late when Sir Horace Upton entered, and, advancing to where the Princess stood, kissed her gloved hand with all the submissive deference of a courtier. The most lynx-eyed observer could not have detected either in his manner or in hers that any intimacy existed between them, much less friendship; least of all, anything still closer. His bearing was a most studied and respectful homage—hers a haughty, but condescending acceptance of it; and yet, with all this, there was that in those around that seemed to say—This man is more master here than any of us. He did not speak long with the Princess, but, respectfully yielding his place to a later arrival, fell back into the crowd, and soon after took a seat beside one of the very few ladies who graced the reception. In all they were very few, we are bound to acknowledge; for although La Sabloukoff was received at court and all the embassies, they who felt, or affected to feel, any strictness on the score of morals, avoided rather than sought her intimacy.

She covered over what might have seemed this disparagement of her conduct, by always seeking the society of men, as though their hardy and vigorous intellects were more in unison with her own than the graceful attributes of the softer sex; and in this tone did the few lady-friends she possessed appear also to concur. It was their pride to discuss matters of state and politics; and, whenever they condescended to more trifling themes, they treated them with a degree of candor, and in a spirit that allowed men to speak as unreservedly as though no ladies were present.

Let us be forgiven for polixity, since we are speaking less of individuals than of a school — a school, too, on the increase, and one whose results will be more widely felt than many are disposed to believe.

As the evening wore on, the guests bartered the news and the *bon mots* — scraps of letters from royal hands were read — epigrams from illustrious characters repeated — racy bits of courtly scandal were related, and smart explanations hazarded as to how this was to turn out, and that was to end. It was a very strange language they talked — so much seemed left for inference — so much seemed left to surmise. There was a shadowy indistinctness as it were over all, and yet their manner showed a perfect and thorough appreciation of whatever went forward. Through all this treatment of great questions, one striking feature pre-eminently displayed itself — a keen appreciation of how much the individual characters, the passions, the prejudices, the very caprices of men in power modified the acts of their governments; and thus you constantly heard such remarks as, “If the Duke of Wellington disliked the Emperor less — or, so long as Metternich has such an attachment to the Queen Dowager — when we get over Camery’s dread of the Archduchess — or, if we could only reconcile the Prince to a visit from Nesselrode” — showing that private personal feelings were swaying the minds of those whose contemplation might have seemed raised to a far loftier level. And then what a mass of very small gossip abounded — incidents so slight and insignificant that they only were lifted into importance by the actors in them being kings and kaisers! By what accidents great events were determined — on what mere trifles vast interests depended, it were, doubtless, no novelty to record: still it would startle many to be told that a casual pique, a passing word launched at hazard, some petty observance omitted or forgotten, have changed the destinies of whole nations.

It is in such circles as these that incidents of this kind are recounted. Each has some

anecdote, trivial and unimportant it may be, but still illustrating the life of those who live under the shadow of Royalty. The Princess herself was inexhaustible in these stores of secret biography; there was not a dynastic ambition to be consolidated by a marriage — not a Coburg alliance to patch up a family compact, that she was not well versed in. She detected in the vaguest movements plans and intentions, and could read the signs of a policy in indications that others would have passed without remark.

One by one the company retired, and at length Sir Horace found himself the last guest of the evening. Scarcely had the door closed on the last departure, when, drawing his arm-chair to the side of the fire opposite to that where the Princess sat, he took out his cigar case, and selecting a “weed,” deliberately lighted and commenced to smoke it.

“I thought they’d never go,” said she, with a sigh, “but I know why they remained; they all thought the Prince of Istria was coming. They saw his carriage stop here this evening, and heard he had sent up to know if I received. I wrote on a card, ‘to-morrow at dinner, at eight;’ so be sure you are here to meet him.”

Sir Horace bowed and smiled his acceptance.

“And your journey, dear Princess,” said he between the puffs of his smoke, “was it pleasant?”

“It might have been well enough, but I was obliged to make a great detour. The Duchess detained me at Parma for some letters, and then sent me across the mountains of Pontremoli, a frightful road, on a secret mission to Massa.”

“To Massa! of all earthly places.”

“Even so. They had sent down there, some eight or nine months ago, the young Count Wahnsdorf, the Archduchess Sophia’s son, who having got into all manner of dissipation at Vienna, and lost largely at play, it was judged expedient to exile him for a season; and as the Duke of Modena offered his aid to their plans, he was named to a troop in a dragoon regiment, and appointed aide-camp to his Royal Highness. Are you attending? or has your Excellency lost the clue of my story?”

“I am all ears; only waiting anxiously to hear — who is she?”

“Oh, then, you suspect a woman in the case.”

“I’m sure of it, dear Princess. The very accents of your voice prepared me for a bit of romance.”

“Yes, you are right; he has fallen in love; so desperately in love that he is incessant in his appeals to the Duchess to intercede with his family, and grant him leave to marry.”

"To marry whom?" asked Sir Horace.

"That's the very question which he cannot answer himself; and when pressed for information, can only reply that she is an angel. Now angels are not always of good family; they have sometimes very humble parents and very small fortunes."

"Helas!" sighed the diplomatist, pitifully.

"This angel, it would seem, is untraceable; she arrived with her mother, or what is supposed to be her mother, from Corsica; they landed at Spezzia, with an English passport calling them Madame and Mademoiselle Harley. On arriving at Massa, they took a villa close to the town, and established themselves with all the circumstance of people well off as to means. They however neither received visits nor made acquaintance with any one. They even so far withdrew themselves from public view, that they rarely left their own grounds, and usually took their carriage-riding at night. You are not attending, I see."

"On the contrary, I am an eager listener; only it is a story one has heard so often. I never heard of any one preserving the incognito except where disclosure would have revealed a shame."

"Your Excellency mistakes," replied she, "the incognito is sometimes like a feigned despatch in diplomacy, a means of awakening curiosity."

"Ces ruses ne se font plus, Princess, they were the fashion in Talleyrand's time; now we are satisfied to mystify by no meaning."

"If the weapons of the old school are not employed, there is another reason, perhaps," said she, with a dubious smile.

"That modern arms are too feeble to wield them, you mean," said he, bowing courteously. "Ah! it is but too true, Princess," and he sighed what might mean regret over the fact, or devotion to herself—perhaps both. At all events his submission served as a treaty of peace, and she resumed.

"And now, 'revengeous a nos moutons,'" said she, "or at least to our lambs. This Wahnsdorf is quite capable of contracting a marriage without any permission, if they appear inclined to thwart him; and the question is, what can be done? The Duke would send these people away out of his territory, only that if they be English, as their passports imply, he knows that there will be no end of trouble with your amiable government, who is never paternal till some one corrects one of her children. If Wahnsdorf be sent away, where are they to send him? besides, in all these cases, the creature carries his malady with him, and is sure to marry the first who sympathizes with him. In a word, there were difficulties on all sides,

and the Duchess sent me over, in observation, as they say, rather than with any direct plan of extrication."

"And you went?"

"Yes; I passed twenty-four hours. I could not stay longer, for I promised the Cardinal Caraffa to be in Rome on the 18th, about those Polish nunneries. As to Massa, I gathered little more than I had heard beforehand. I saw their villa; I even penetrated as far as the orangery in my capacity of traveller—the whole a perfect Paradise. I'm not sure I did not get a peep at Eve herself; at a distance, however. I made great efforts to obtain an interview, but all unsuccessfully. The police authorities managed to summon two of the servants to the Podesta, on pretence of some irregularity in their papers, but we obtained nothing out of them; and what is more, I saw clearly that nothing could be effected by a coup de main. The place requires a long siege, and I have not time for that."

"Did you see Wahnsdorf?"

"Yes; I had him to dinner with me alone at the Hotel, for, to avoid all observation, I only went to the Palace after nightfall. He confessed all his sins to me, and, like every other scapegrace, thought marriage was a grand absolution for past wickedness. He told me too, how he made the acquaintance of these strangers. They were crossing the Mazza with their carriage on a raft, when the cable snapped and they were all carried down the torrent. He happened to be a passenger at the time, and did something very heroic, I've no doubt, but I cannot exactly remember what; but it amounted to either being, or being supposed to be, their deliverer. He thus obtained leave to pay his respects at the villa; but even this gratitude was very measured: they only admitted him at rare intervals, and for a very brief visit. In fact, it was plain he had to deal with consummate tacticians, who turned the mystery of their seclusion and the honor vouchsafed him to an ample profit."

"He told them his name and his rank?"

"Yes; and he owned that they did not seem at all impressed by the revelation. He describes them as very haughty, very condescending in manner, 'tres grandes dames,' in fact, but unquestionably born to the class they represent. They never dropped a hint of whence they had come, or any circumstance of their past lives; but seemed entirely engrossed by the present, which they spend principally in cultivating the arts; they both drew admirably, and the young lady had become a most skilful modelist in clay, her whole day being passed in a studio which they had just built. I urged him strongly to try and obtain permission for me to see it,

but he assured me it was hopeless—the request might even endanger his own position with them.

“I could perceive that, though very much in love, Wahnsdorf was equally taken by the romance of this adventure. He had never been a hero to himself before, and he was perfectly enchanted by the novelty of the sensation. He never affected to say that he had made the least impression on the young lady’s heart; but he gave me to understand that the nephew of an Emperor need not trouble his head on that score. He is a very good-looking, well-mannered, weak boy, who, if he only reach the age of thirty without any great blunder, will pass for a very dignified Prince for the rest of his life.”

“Did you give him any hopes?”

“Of course, if he only promised to follow my counsels; and as these same counsels are yet in the oven, he must needs wait for them. In a word, he is to write to me everything, and I to him, and so we parted.”

“I should like to see these people,” said Upton, languidly.

“I’m sure of it,” rejoined she, “but it is perhaps unnecessary,” and her tone made the words very significant.

“Chelmsford, he’s now Secretary at Turin, might perhaps trace them,” said he, “he always knows everything of those people who are secrets to the rest of the world.”

“For the present I am disposed to think it were better not to direct attention towards them,” replied she. “What we do here must be done adroitly, and in such a way as that it can be disavowed if necessary, or abandoned if unsuccessful.”

“Said with all your own tact, Princess,” said Sir Horace smiling; “I can perceive, however, that you have a plan in your head already. Is it not so?”

“No,” said she with a sigh, “I took wonderfully little interest in the affair. It was one of those games where the combinations are so few you don’t condescend to learn it. Are you aware of the hour?”

“Actually three o’clock,” said he, standing up. “Really, Princess, I am quite shocked.”

“And so am I,” said she smiling, “On se compromettrait si facilement dans cet bas monde.” Good night,” and she courtseyed, and withdrew before he had time to take his hat and retire.

**MUSIC IN SPEECH.**—“Sitting in some company, and having been but a little before musical, I chanced to take notice that in ordinary discourse words were spoken in perfect notes; and that some of the company used eights, some fifths, some thirds; and that those were most pleasing, whose words, as to their tone, consisted most of concords; and where of discords, of such as constituted harmony; and the same person was the most affable, pleasant, and the best-natured in the company. And this suggests a reason why many discourses which one hears with much pleasure, when they come to be read scarcely seem the same things.

“From this difference of music in speech, we may also conjecture that of tempers. We know the Doric mood sounds gravity and sobriety; the Lydian, freedom; the Æolic, sweet stillness and composure; the Phrygian, jollity and youthful levity; the Ionic soothes the storms and disturbances arising from passion. And why may we not reasonably suppose that those whose speech naturally runs into the notes peculiar to any of these moods, are likewise in disposition?”

“So also from the cliff: as he that speaks in gamut, to be manly; C Fa Ut may show one to be of an ordinary capacity, though good disposition; G Sol Re Ut, to be peevish and effeminate, and of a weak and timorous spirit; sharps, an effeminate sadness; flats, a manly or melancholic

sadness. He who has a voice in some measure agreeing with all cliffs, seems to be of good parts and fit for variety of employments, yet somewhat of an inconstant nature. Likewise from the times; so semibreves may bespeak a temper dull and phlegmatic; minims, grave and serious; crotchets, a prompt wit; quavers, vehemency of passion, and used by scolds. Semibrief-rest may denote one either stupid, or fuller of thoughts than he can utter; minim-rest one that deliberates; crotchet-rest, one in a passion. So that from the natural use of mood, note, and time, we may collect dispositions.”—*Philosophical Transactions*, vol. II, p. 441.

**A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.**—The best case which I have seen of *Law versus Justice* and *Common Sense*, is one which Montaigne relates as having happened in his own days. Some men were condemned to death of murder: the Judges were then informed by the officers of an inferior court, that certain persons in their custody had confessed themselves guilty of the murder in question, and had told so circumstantial a tale that the fact was placed beyond all doubt. Nevertheless it was deemed so *bad a precedent*, to revoke a sentence and show that the Law could err, that the innocent men were delivered over to execution.



From The Christian Remembrances.

1. *Polynesian Mythology and Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealand Race.* By Sir George Grey. London Murray. 1855.
2. *Te Tka a Maui, or New Zealand and its Inhabitants.* By Rev. Richard Taylor, M.A. Many years a Missionary in New Zealand. London: Wertheim and Macintosh. 1855.

THE publication of these two works, almost at the same time, is itself an evident proof that a very strong interest has been excited among the colonists of New Zealand in favor of the native population. It has too generally been the result of European immigration either to destroy altogether, or to subjugate with an iron hand, the indigenous races which it found in possession. The majority of such races have been utterly intractable, and have brought their fate on themselves. It would seem that many tribes are so utterly wild, and so lost to all powers of civilization, that an entire separation between themselves and the natives of Europe must last for many generations, if not to the end of time. In North America this want of sympathy has ended in the retirement of the native altogether from the struggle and generally in his extinction; while the nations of Asia, though able to mingle with us for the secular purposes of life, show almost an equal want of sympathy, and the same obstinacy of race, in forbidding all real community of feeling. Much of this of course depends on climate. But generally it follows that lengthened acquaintance with native races has had the effect of diminishing our interest in them. The future has held out small prospects of real sympathy, or amalgamation, and therefore the past has been forgotten except as revealing some curious specimens of the varied ideas that have characterized the human family. Yet the greater interest, which is now felt for the Maroi race, is not the result of any peculiar gentleness or fascination on first acquaintance. The most striking part of the subject is the contrast which is afforded between the first pictures of New Zealand life and the present state of things; between the former barbarities, and the present good understanding that exists. The death of a devoted Missionary, stationed in one of the Polynesian islands, was recently announced in the newspapers, with an accompanying remark, that he "had experienced many

touching proofs of grateful Christian love from the simple natives." How different are such tender recollections from the savage and fearful narratives which, but very lately were the too common histories of those adventurous Europeans, whether missionaries or otherwise, who invaded the homes of this island race? Two New Zealand chiefs were exhibited in this country about twenty-five years ago, who were made to inspire all beholders with horror and disgust, by the daily performance of their most savage actions. They were known to be cannibals, and they were seen, though happily under a powerful escort, in the wildest attitudes of rage and frenzy; showing all their war dances, and shouting their cries of victory. Even then it was observed that, under all this painful and repulsive exhibition of savage manners, their existed a far gentler vein of thought than their actions betrayed; that they were not destitute of feelings which might form the ground-work of civilized life. They were rescued from their degrading position, were trained to mingle in social life, were warranted harmless, and eventually shipped off home, leaving behind them a very different notion of their capabilities and dispositions from that which existed on their first arrival.

This capacity of improvement, illustrated in the case of these two, has been since most strikingly confirmed in the whole race. Known at one time for little else but their cannibalistic habits, they are now chiefly notorious for being the most successful people among whom the preachers of the gospel have travelled in modern times. They seem to possess more of that stuff from which civilized beings are eventually constructed, than most of the heathen which have been brought to our notice; they are far more accessible to the Christian religion than the Indian of the west, or the Hindoos of the east.

If we trace in past ages the first origin of those who have been the chief people of the earth for their respective periods, we shall find a strange mixture of facts and fables, of plain and most probable statements of history, and of confused dreamy recollections, corresponding in the life of nations, with those visionary, indefinite, yet often pleasing fancies, which remain in the mature life of each individual as the memorial of childish days. It thus happens that our knowledge of classic ages is much connected with their

mythology. It would seem most natural that, in looking back on ancient Greece or Rome, the developed periods of their civilization should, far more than in this case, have eclipsed the vague dreams of their early traditions. Through ages of struggling energy, of common-place worldly advancement, of refinement in art and luxury, of improved physical science, and of warlike operations conducted on the simplest principles of human courage and endurance; through even the periods of decline and fall which have marked the great empires and republics of antiquity; through all the mature and decaying life of the great nations of the world, we are still able to trace their most childish dreams of remote fabulous histories. It is not strange that the sturdy Lacedemonian, or accomplished Athenian, should still be connected in our minds with the inhabitants of Olympus; and that the construction of Roman viaducts, or the general who so ably, yet, by ordinary laws of military science, conducted the campaign of the Gallican war, should still be associated in our minds with the loves of Anchises and Venus, or the eccentricities of a she-wolf? The book itself of Revelation, however true and exact it is in the narration of facts, yet bears upon its surface a highly mythological character. Nor is it to be imagined that we undervalue the truths of inspiration by calling them mythological: some myths are true, and some false; those handed down by revelation are the one, and those held by the heathen are the other; though some traditional glimpses of the truth may often be found, even in the wildest fancies of the remotest savage.

Such being the prevalent interest attached to the mythology of all civilized nations, it was a wise impression, conceived by Sir George Grey, that the duties of Governor-in-chief of New Zealand might be carried on with greater success, and that his influence over the natives might be more complete, as well as the dignity of the people enhanced, by a careful noting down, at the mouth of their priests, of the principal traditions yet remaining as to their origin, and their connection with other countries, or even superhuman beings. In a few years it seemed probable that all such traditions would have vanished, since the rising generation know but little of them. Even as a matter of curiosity, it was thus very desirable that the

scattered fragments should be at once collected. But Sir George Grey was influenced by higher motives than mere curiosity to prosecute this inquiry. He was led to it by all those previous efforts to conciliate the natives for which his governorship has been so pleasantly notorious. He found himself, on his arrival in New Zealand, in the midst of much angry feeling; and, to his credit be it spoken, he left the island in a state, not only of unexampled tranquility, but far advanced in civilization.

His first instincts were a proof that he was anxious to adopt a superior mode of dealing with the wild people under his charge than has too generally been the case on the first contact of the white man with the savage:

"I soon perceived that I could neither successfully govern, nor hope to conciliate, a numerous and turbulent people, with whose language, manners, customs, religion, and modes of thought I was quite unacquainted. In order to redress their grievances, and apply remedies, which would neither wound their feelings nor militate against their prejudices, it was necessary that I should be able thoroughly to understand their complaints; and to win their confidence and regard, it was also requisite that I should be able at all times and in all places, patiently to listen to the tales of their wrongs or sufferings, and even if I could not assist them, to give them a kind reply, couched in such terms as should leave no doubt on their minds that I clearly understood and felt for them, and was really well disposed towards them."—P. iv.

The intervention of interpreters he found a very imperfect and a very cold method of communicating with the natives. Even when they were available, the case was not much better. Many difficulties were in the way which made it an arduous task to acquire any sufficient knowledge of an unwritten language during the many distracting engagements which occupied both his mind and his time; but, together with the toil which filled up every spare moment, came also the satisfaction of discovering more clearly than ever how extremely useful the acquisition of such knowledge would be.

"Only one thing could, under such circumstances, be done, and that was to acquaint myself with the ancient language of the country, to collect its traditional poems and legends, to induce their priests to impart

to me their mythology, and to study their proverbs."—P. vii.

For eight years Sir George Grey applied himself heartily and earnestly to this task; and even after this laborious task, one fruit of his researches was destroyed by fire.

Confused and indistinct was the result of all his labor till it underwent a farther process of arrangement. With care, however, and method, he at last succeeded in harmonizing these scattered fragments of tradition into something like consistent and definite stories that might constitute a system of mythology. The translation is close and literal, which, of course, is necessary to give the work any real value as an authentic compilation. The rambling visionary characters of its histories may, indeed, be a trial to the patience of one whose only thought is to find an evening's amusement in their perusal, but the great interest of the book must be apparent if we consider the following picture of the origin from which it springs:

"For the first time, I believe, a European reader will find it in his power to place himself in the position of one who listens to a heathen and savage high-priest, explaining to him, in his own words, and in his own energetic manner, the traditions in which he earnestly believes, and unfolding the religious opinions upon which the faith and hopes of his race rest."—P. xi.

The mythology of Polynesia may seem puerile; but Sir George Grey very shrewdly remarks, that whenever other systems of mythology appear more grand, it is to be attributed to our greater ignorance of their details. Childish, however, as they are, there is much truth in the following considerations:

"But the puerility of these traditions and barbarous mythological systems by no means diminishes their importance as regards their influence upon the human race. Those contained in the present volumes have, with slight modifications, prevailed perhaps considerably more than two thousand years throughout the great mass of the islands of the Pacific Ocean; and, indeed, the religious system of ancient Mexico was, probably, to some extent connected with them. They have been believed in and obeyed by many millions of the human race; and it is still more melancholy to reflect that they were based upon a system of human sacrifices to the gods; so that if we allow them to have existed for two thousand years, and that, in accordance with the rites which are based

upon them, at least two thousand human victims were annually sacrificed throughout the whole extent of the numerous islands in which they prevailed."—P. xiii.

From the thought of such horrors and barbarities of the past, it is indeed refreshing to hear the testimony of our author to the wonderful change which has come over them, and the capacity for improvement which, as a people, they have exhibited.

For any complete knowledge of those wild stories which constitute Polynesian mythology, we must refer the reader to our authors. We cannot attempt even any abstract or explanation of them. It might happen that occasional analogies could be discovered between these stories of the ocean, and European, or Scriptural mythology; but, as a general rule, all such analogies are most vague and incoherent, for the fables now under our notice contain little that is instructive or moral, though occasionally there are pleasant touches of the softer and gentler feelings of the human mind. The legends may be classed under two heads:—those that relate to the origin of the human race generally; and those which are connected with the first colonization of New Zealand. With regard to the former subject, we extract the following—called "The Children of Heaven and Earth"—both for its special subject-matter, and as a specimen of the dreamy conceptions which are the only Polynesian links between the past and the present:

"Men had but one pair of primitive ancestors; they sprang from the vast heaven that exists above us, and from the earth which lies beneath us. According to the traditions of our race, Rangi and Papa, or Heaven and Earth, were the source from which, in the beginning, all things originated. Darkness then rested upon the heaven and upon the earth, and they still both claved together, for they had not yet been rent apart; and the children they had begotten were ever thinking amongst themselves what might be the difference between darkness and light; they knew that beings had multiplied and increased, and yet light had never broken upon them, but 'it ever continued dark. Hence these sayings are found in our ancient religious services: 'There was darkness from the first division of time, unto the tenth, to the hundredth, to the thousandth,' that is, for a vast space of time; and these divisions of times were considered as beings, and were each termed a Po; and on their

account there was as yet no world with its bright light, but the darkness only for the beings which existed.

"At last the beings who had been begotten by Heaven and Earth, worn out by the continued darkness, consulted among themselves, saying, 'Let us now determine what we should do with Rangi and Papa, whether it would be better to slay them or to rend them apart.' Then spoke Tu-matauenga, the fiercest of the children of Heaven and Earth, 'It is well, let us slay them.'"

"Then spake Tane-mahuta, the father of forests and of all things that inhabit them, or that are constructed from trees, 'Nay, not so. It is better to rend them apart, and to let the heaven stand far above us, and the earth lie under our feet. Let the sky become as a stranger to us, but the earth remain close to us as our nursing mother.'"—Pp. 1, 2.

All consented to this unkind proposal except one brother, who was the father of winds and storms, by name Tawhiri-ma-tea, who was afraid that his own kingdom might suffer. At length, however, came the day when this important effort was to be made.

"Their plans have been agreed on, lo, Rongo-ma-tane, the god and father of the cultivated food of man, rises up, that he may rend apart the heavens and the earth; he struggles, but he rends them not apart. Lo, next, Tangaroa, the god and father of fish and reptiles, rises up, that he may rend apart the heavens and the earth; he also struggles, but he rends them not apart. Lo, next, Haumia-tikitiki, the god and father of the food of man which springs without cultivation, rises up and struggles, but ineffectually. Lo, then, Tu-matauenga, the god and father of fierce human beings, rises up and struggles, but he, too, fails in his efforts. Then, at last, slowly uprises Tane-mahuta, the god and father of forests, of birds, and of insects, and he struggles with his parents; in vain he strives to rend them apart with his hands and arms. Lo, he pauses; his head is now firmly planted on his mother the earth, his feet he raises up and rests against his father the skies, he strains his back and limbs with mighty effort. Now are rent apart Rangi and Papa, and with cries and groans of woe they shriek aloud, 'Wherefore slay you thus your parents? Why commit you so dreadful a crime as to slay us, as to rend your parents apart?' But Tane-mahuta pauses not, he regards not their shrieks and cries; far, far beneath him he presses down the earth; far, far above him he thrusts up the sky."—Pp. 3, 4.

The one dissentient brother is full of dire

revenge for this deed of the others, and dreading that the world should become too fair and beautiful, he rises up to his father in the skies, and forms awful plans for the disturbance of the earth. He sends his numerous progeny in all directions, and hence occasioned the four quarters of the wind:

"He next sends forth fierce squalls, whirlwinds, dense clouds, massy clouds, dark clouds, gloomy thick clouds, fiery clouds, clouds which precede hurricanes, clouds of fiery black, clouds reflecting glowing red light, clouds wildly drifting from all quarters and wildly bursting, clouds of thunder storms, and clouds hurriedly flying. In the midst of these Tawhiri-ma-tea himself sweeps wildly on."—Pp. 5, 6.

From the land this wrathful brother betakes himself to water, and there upraises all manner of waves, storms, and cliffs, eddies and whirlpools. Tangaroa, the god of the ocean, flies discomfited before him, and his offspring hid themselves; in two great divisions, some in the water, who continued there as fish, and some on land, who became reptiles. These separate parties thus addressed each other in the confusion of flight. The fish said to the reptiles:

"Fly inland, then; and the fate of you and your race will be, that when they catch you, before you are cooked, they will singe off your scales over a lighted wisp of dry fern."—P. 7.

While the reptiles answered:

"Seek safety, then, in the sea; and the future fate of your race will be, that when they serve out little baskets of cooked vegetable food to each person, you will be laid upon the top of the food to give a relish to it."—P. 8.

Tangaroa, enraged at the desertion of his children, who have gone, in the form of reptiles, to seek shelter on the land, wages war with the god of forests, who has become their protector. By way of retaliation, the god of forests is able to supply the enemies of Tangaroa with the wood from which canoes are made, also with spears, fish-hooks, and fibrous nets, to the great destruction of fish. Nor is Tangaroa unable, on his part, to carry on very active hostilities against the god of forests. He overwhelms canoes with the surges of the sea; swallows up lands, trees, and houses in his devastating floods, and destroys no small number of the insects,



birds, and other animals which inhabit the dry land.

The god of the ocean being thus vanquished, and his progeny thrown into unceasing quarrels by the fury of Tawhiri-matea, this revengeful brother next turned his anger against those of his family who protected *food* in its various shapes. Happily for our race, these were enabled to hide themselves from the wind, and thus to escape harm, while their assailant next turned his attention toward another brother, possessing a most formidable name, which represents Man, or "the fierce man." Here he met with a rebuff, for man stood erect and unshaken upon his mother earth, and caused the god of storms at length to become tranquil. Man being thus victorious, commenced a warfare against his brethren, who had failed to support him in the struggle he had waged against the common enemy, and eventually succeeded in devouring them all; an event illustrative of the power of man to make use of all the produce of the earth for his support. It was about this time, in some mysterious way, that man became subject to death, from the time that some goddess whose name we need not repeat, was deceived by a demigod of equally difficult nomenclature. The position, however, of the world's inhabitants being thus relatively established,—the one brother to the other, and the children towards their parents,—then commenced the ordinary processes of nature as now we experience them. Every phenomenon that now comes within our observation, may in some way or other be traced to the conquests or the reverses of these primitive brethren. Man, of course, is pre-eminent, and all those things which are eaten by him, are the descendants of his original victims; and the sternness with which the devouring instinct is carried out in all these ancient legends, is plainly connected with the comparatively recent habits, so shocking to our refined senses, of converting the bodies of those slain in battle into cooked meat for food. The earth now multiplied and prospered under the enforced system of Rangi and Papa. The story, however, concludes with a very pleasing and poetical relation of the sentimental recollections which still exist between these long separated and loving partners.

"Up to this time the vast Heaven has still

ever remained separated from his spouse the Earth. Yet their mutual love still continues—the soft warm sighs of her loving bosom still ever rise up to him, ascending from the woody mountains and valleys, and men call these mists; and the vast Heaven, as he mourns through the long nights his separation from his beloved, drops frequent tears upon her bosom, and men seeing these, term them dew-drops."—P. 15.

In parts of this fabulous history we may perhaps trace some analogy with the first chapter of Genesis. The separation of the firmament from the earth, and the land from the water, with the pre-eminence of man over all nature, form the substance of each tale; but still the similarity of the two stories is not sufficiently exact to make us at all sure that the one is the tradition of the other. A contemplative observation of nature might itself have prompted all that we hear of Polynesian mythology.

The following passage from the adventures of a somewhat bold demigod into the region of the tenth heaven, is a rather curious illustration that purity and cleanliness is not in all minds associated with the more blessed abode of the universe:

"When they had each ended their lamentation, Rehua called to his servants, 'Light a fire, and get everything ready for cooking food.' The slaves soon made the fire burn up brightly, and brought hollow calabashes, all ready to have food placed in them, and laid them down before Rehua. All this time Rupe was wondering whence the food was to come from with which the calabashes, which the slaves had brought, were to be filled; but presently he observed that Rehua was slowly loosening the thick bands which enveloped his locks around and upon the top of his head; and when his long locks all floated loosely, he shook the dense masses of his hair, and forth from them came flying flocks of the Tui birds, which had been nestling there, feeding upon insects; and as they flew forth, the slaves caught and killed them, and filled the calabashes with them, and took them to the fire, and put them on to cook, and when they were done, they carried them and laid them before Rupe as a present, and then placed them beside him that he might eat, and Rehua requested him to eat food, but Rupe answered him, 'Nay, but I cannot eat this food; I saw these birds loosened and take wing from thy locks; who would dare to eat birds that had fed upon insects in thy sacred head?'"—Pp. 84, 85.

From Sir George Grey we would now turn

to the more general work of Mr. Taylor. Many years' experience as a Missionary in the Island would seem to have implanted a very great respect in his mind for the Maori race, and to have also prompted a very industrious research into their history, both fabulous and real, past and present. We are, indeed, surprised at the vast amount of interesting matter which he has collected together, and arranged with considerable art, for the instruction of the public. He divides his subject into native traditions, previous to the arrival of Europeans, and the subsequent history of the island.

The traditions mentioned by Mr. Taylor correspond very much (as of course they must do, if both are correct,) with those already discussed in connection with Sir G. Grey. We will not, therefore, go over the same ground, and will only refer to Mr. Taylor, on points not already introduced to our readers.

Mr. Taylor is one of those religionists who takes special delight in tracing the history of the children of Israel, no matter where or when. We are not about to quarrel with him on this score, but simply to state his opinion, expressed in several parts of his work, that the Polynesian races are descended from the ten tribes. We confess that his evidence is anything but conclusive, and amounts to little more than a seeming probability of New Zealand having been originally peopled by nomade tribes from Asia, which, having traversed the continent, embarked on the sea, and, one by one, colonized the many islands which form a belt across the Southern ocean.

Taking this view of the origin of the New Zealand races, he imagines many of their traditions, especially on the law of Tapu, — those who in their childhood with ourselves have pondered with delight over Cook's Voyages will identify this word in the more familiar *taboo*, — to have been founded in the Mosaic law. He does not, however, convey the idea that he twists events to suit his preconceived theory. There is an air of truth and nature in all that he says, which is entirely uninfluenced by the destination of the ten tribes. Of Tapu he thus says:

"This singular Institution, which pervades the entire extent of Polynesia, may perhaps be most correctly defined as a religious observance, established for political purposes.

It consisted in making any person, place, or thing sacred for a longer or shorter period; if it were a person, during the time of the Tapu he could not be touched by any one, or even put his own hand to his head himself; but he was either fed by another who was appointed for the purpose, or took up his food with his mouth from a small stage, with his hands behind him, or by a fern stalk, and thus conveyed it to his mouth: in drinking, the water was poured in a very expert manner from a calabash into his mouth, or on his hands, when he needed it for washing, so that he should not touch the vessel, which otherwise could not have been used again for ordinary purposes.\* Places were tapu for certain periods; rivers until the fishing was ended; cultivations until the planting or reaping was completed; districts until either the hunting of the rat or catching of birds was done; woods until the fruit of the kie-kie was gathered." — Pp. 56, 57.

The consequences of Tapu (which Mr. Taylor thinks bears a strong resemblance to the Mosaic law relating to uncleanness) were often very inconvenient, and occasionally serious:

"The garments of an ariki, or high chief, were tapu, as well as everything relating to him; they could not be worn by any one else, lest they should kill him. An old chief in my company threw away a very good mat, because it was too heavy to carry; he cast it down a precipice, when I inquired why he did not leave it suspended on a tree, that any future traveller wanting a garment might take it? He gravely told me that it was the fear of its being worn by another, which had caused him to throw it where he did, for if it were worn, his tapu would kill the person. In the same way, Taunui's tinder-box killed several persons who were so unfortunate as to find it, and light their pipes from it, without knowing it belonged to so sacred an owner; they actually died from fright." — P. 58.

Chiefs had a wonderful power of making things tapu or sacred; the means of doing it partake of the ludicrous. To render a place tapu, a chief had only to tie an old garment to a pole, and call the spot on which he placed it by some part of his own body, as his back-bone, and no one then dared to infringe upon it without risking endless war in revenge for the injury committed. Everything connected with chiefs was held sacred, and even the rain from the roof of a chief's house, falling into an iron pot, was supposed on one occasion

\* A similar custom prevailed in Israel: see 2 Kings iii. 17.

sion to render all food cooked in it to be fatal, until by a charm the tapu was taken off it. This power has been made use of in many ways, even where contending Christian sects have been influenced by it. A certain chief, who was a Roman Catholic, was guilty, it seems, of too great liberality in admitting a Protestant teacher within the limits of his country. For this he received a rebuke from his priest, which enraged the chief's wife, who had strong Protestant tendencies, and sympathized with the heretic. For the purpose, then, of putting the priest to inconvenience in his journey, this party-spirited lady made the river tapu, so that not a boat was to be had, which compelled the emissary of Rome to walk back by the way he came.

The Maories appear to have had no distinct places of religious worship, or even set prayers of any kind; but a tradition exists of some great temple in former days called Whare-kura. The sacred groves which had survived the more ancient glories of the temple, had degenerated into mere storehouses for old rags and cut hair, which had belonged to chiefs and were thus stowed away, on account of the tapu attached to them. The former temple was a place of gathering among the chiefs, whose pedigrees were there kept and solemnly read on stated occasions.

"Its extreme antiquity is seen from the circumstance of all those who are recorded as having met there, being now regarded as their most ancient gods. The temple had a porch or veranda to it, such as they still make to their houses; this was placed at the gable end by which they entered; and at the other extremity was a small building in which the high priest resided, and seventy other priests had their houses ranged around, each building bearing the name of one of the heavens."—P. 66.

No food was eaten in the temple on pain of death; it was also made the grand centre of a kind of holy union among all orders of creation, for even reptiles were represented in its assemblies. Discord, however, at length clouded its fortunes, the staff of Mai-i-rangi was broken; anarchy succeeded, and eventually it was destroyed by fire, a whole multitude perishing in its ruins. On this subject Mr. Taylor remarks:

"Such are the disjointed parts of traditions relative to this remarkable temple. They are interesting, and excite our conjectures as to their origin, since they must have

been founded on something which once existed; and they are the more singular from referring to a building erected for worship, when they have never since had anything at all corresponding to it amongst them. The Christian natives compare it to Babel; and say it caused their dispersion, and the confusion of tongues, as well as the subsequent state of enmity they have lived in with each other; that at first it resembled Solomon's temple, where all the tribes met together. It does indeed seem to remind us of the separation of the ten from the other two, in the reign of Rehoboam, who, like Kauika, broke the staff of peace and unity, by his folly: and, supposing this people to be descended from any of those tribes, this is just such a tradition as they might hand down from so distant a period; without letters, we could not expect them to preserve a fuller account. When Israel forsook the temple, which no longer continued to be a bond of union, then it worshipped in high places and groves."—P. 68.

The ceremonies relating to burial are sufficiently unpleasant, but they strongly mark out a belief in the future state. The Maori has no idea of the silent grief that symbolizes annihilation; on the contrary, he howls and cries with his utmost force, and brings in the aid of gunpowder to make the dead hear from their graves the extent of the mourning which their departure has occasioned. Bodies were not always placed in a grave, but a strange substitute adopted.

"In other places, the body was put into a kind of frame, formed by two pieces of an old canoe, standing about six feet high, and forming a hollow place, in which the corpse was seated on a grating, to allow the flesh, as it decomposed, to fall through. After a certain time, the skeleton was removed and the bones were scraped; this was the Nga-puhi custom."—P. 99.

After two years, the unfortunate deceased was again visited. His bones, scraped white and then painted red, after which they were deposited in any place which the relations might fancy.

Space will not allow us to go through the chapters of Mr. Taylor's book that relate of Maori proverbs, fables, and song; our readers would not probably understand them in the original, and such things lose much in translation. There is, however, a vein of good sense discernable in the proverbs, and of poetry in the songs. They are less exclusively on war than might have been expected from

a people of so savage a reputation ; and the sentiment of love is evidently well known in the Maori breast, as witnessed in the following song :

“ O set, thou sun ! sink into thy cavern,  
Thou causet to gush like water the tears from  
my eyes.  
I am a deserted one through the stepping out  
of the feet  
Of thee, Taratiu, long hidden from my sight.  
Thy distant hills, Waiohipara, and the flowing  
surface of the water, appear bright like a  
fire.  
My idol, whom I love, is below.  
Let thy spirit cease from visiting me ;  
If, perchance, I may forget my sorrowing.”—  
P. 143.

On the subject of marriage, it is curious to trace the familiar notion that a man ought to take possession of his bride by an act of force and violence. A sham resistance was generally made, which, in the case of there being many competitors, did not always go off very smoothly for the unfortunate bride. In the struggle for her, she was often much hurt, or even killed ; nor were her own inclinations allowed to enter into the question. She was handed over to the victorious combatant in whatever state she happened to be, either in body or mind, to share his lot for better or for worse.

The origin of the Maori races is a subject of considerable speculation. Mr. Taylor, as we have already seen, argues for their descent from the ten tribes. He traces a similarity of language between the Polynesian islands and Asiatic races, and many words which he quotes are certainly very like, not only Asiatic but European languages. One instance we quote :

“ Another remarkable word for its travels is *Paradise*. Every nation has pictured to itself some place of bliss, some abode of rest for the soul. Men vary in their idea of the character of that happy spot, but still the idea exists, and all of them are included between the extremes of the sensual paradise of Mahomet, and the spiritual and holy one of the Christian. The word *paradise* itself conveys the idea of a garden enclosed, a garden of delight ; it is the place of repose, it is protected from every foe ; no enemy can enter, or disturb the rest of the soul. The Hebrew word is *pardés* ; the Arabic *firdaus*, plural *faradisa* ; Syriac and Armenian *partes* ; and Sanscrit *pradisa*, or *paradisa*, a circuit or district ; *firdusi*, Persian, a pleasure garden ; *Παράδεισος*, an enclosed garden, paradise ; it is seen in the English words

*park* and *pale*, and is preserved in *parae*, New Zealand, a small plain enclosed with forest. The simple root of all these words appears to be *Pa*, to obstruct, hence *Taie-pa* or *Pa-korokoro*, are fences for farms ; *Rai-he-pa* and *Parepare* are fortifications for towns ; and the same root is found in the New Zealand word *pare*, to ward off, and in the English *parry*.”—P. 182.

All the traditions that relate to the first arrival of the Maories at New Zealand, are naturally connected with canoes ; and it is remarkable, that the canoes now in use are evidently smaller than those first brought. It is supposed that New Zealand was colonized from the Sandwich Islands, not above 500 years ago. This may seem a long voyage for canoes, even of the size that were then in use, but experience has proved that these small craft, under the management of the natives, can live through very rough weather. It is curious also that, as navigated by them, they do not take quite the same course through the waves that a European sailor would suppose. Taking into account the prevailing winds and currents of the South Sea, it is calculated that the track from the Sandwich Islands to New Zealand is just the one that native canoes would naturally take, though with English navigation it would be different. Small canoes take a different angle in the trough of each wave, which tells very materially in the general direction of a long voyage.

The population, however, of these islands are undoubtedly a mixed race, descended from emigrants who have come from different places, and at many different times. There are traces of the Malay race, and also of the Chinese, but the supposed fate of the ten tribes shall be told by Mr. Taylor himself :

“ When the King of Assyria carried away the ten tribes, though he placed them primarily on the shores of the Caspian, that would not long suit their habits of traffic. They would doubtless seek the grand marts of commerce ; no longer possessing fixed homes, they became merchants, as a matter of course, and those who still continued to love war and independence, or a pastoral life would retire before their enemies, and thus, should it be proved that the Affghans are Jews, we see how they would reach that country. Whilst some, perhaps those from Babylon, remained in India, as the black Jews state they have done, some would pass on thence and people the Indian Isles, as the



Malays. From the Caspian, many may have followed the caravans across Central Asia, Thibet, and Tartary, until they reached the Eastern Coast, and thence from island to island, this race, doomed to wander, may have done so, either intentionally or otherwise, as ships are constantly picking up large canoes, which have drifted away from their island homes. Doubtless this has ever been the case, and whilst numbers have thus miserably perished, some few have escaped, and become the inhabitants of many a lone island of the Pacific Ocean. There is no saying where they may not have gone. The first and most civilized settlers of the Americas seemed to have passed by the Aleutian Isles to the continent; others, drifted by the course of currents, have reached the Sandwich Isles, and thence gone even to Easter Isle. The natives, in their traditions, preserve the name of the island they came from, which is *Hiawaiiki*." — Pp. 191, 192.

This is more than sufficiently absurd.

Tasman was the first discoverer of New Zealand in 1642, and he supposed that the whole of this country formed part of the Australian continent. A long interval then occurs in our knowledge of the island, which brings down its history to a generation of men, of whom some yet remain alive.

Whaling ships, after this, paid frequent visits to the island; and in 1814, Mr. Marsden, the senior chaplain of New South Wales, claims the honor of having first preached the gospel.

"Of all the persons connected with the civilization of New Zealand, no one stands higher than Samuel Marsden. Cook took possession of the country in the name of his Sovereign, but it was Marsden who first unfurled the banner of the Prince of Peace, and claimed those fair realms, then laid in heathen darkness, on behalf of the King of kings. It was Marsden who first introduced their savage inhabitants to Christian philanthropy, and enlisted the sympathy of the Church in their behalf; and having obtained aid, he brought it himself, and was the first to proclaim the message of mercy on their shores. He was the honored instrument who laid the first stone of the Church, and thus commenced a work which has increased in magnitude with increasing years, and has now added those widespread realms to the kingdom of the Lord our righteousness." — Pp. 181, 182.

The success of Mr. Marsden was great, and in common with the present Bishop of

New Zealand, he owed much of it to personal courage in boldly throwing himself among the Maori chiefs as if not at all apprehending that fate which in reality was in the highest degree probable; viz. that of being killed and eaten. The native mind was thus softened and made capable of true sympathy, though in some instances the wild passions of their race broke out with terrible force, even after many years of professed conversion. A change like that which has taken place in the Maori race cannot be expected to avoid occasional re-actions. The evil spirit will now and then burst forth with the last effort of despairing energy, will again assert its dominion after being apparently driven out. A frightful instance of this occurred in the history of a chief, named Hongi. His first introduction is described as follows:

"Mr. Marsden met with him during his first visit to the Bay of Islands, in 1814; he described him then as a warrior, but of a very mild disposition, and with very little appearance of the savage about him. He was the Chief of seventeen places, but chiefly residing at the Keri Keri. He was of an ingenious turn of mind, extremely anxious to learn European arts, and, at Mr. Marsden's request, made a bust of himself, with a piece of an old iron hoop, his only implement; on this he delineated his own *moko* (tatoo), and this was sent to the Church Mission-house, where it is still preserved, and is, indeed, a very creditable performance." — P. 309.

After this he was the uniform protector of the missionaries, and so promising a disciple of civilization was he, that in 1820 he visited England with a relation, and resided at Cambridge to assist Professor Lee in drawing up his New Zealand Grammar. Hongi's wish was to see the king, and then to carry back with him a hundred men of various mechanical pursuits, together with missionaries, who might teach the arts and religion to the Maories at home. He also wished for twenty soldiers, and three officers. George the Fourth had an interview with him and presented him with several suits of armor, and double-barrelled guns, and an ill-omened sword.

The unfortunate instinct of his English friends to foster, by their presents, his warlike tastes was the means of inspiring within him a most fatal ambition. He desired on his return to be king of New Zealand, as George the Fourth was of England, and ac-

cordingly sought for a quarrel with his neighbors. His first war was productive of fearful and cruel results.

"Hongi had twenty prisoners on board his canoe, whom he intended to retain as slaves; but his daughter, who had lost her husband in the fight, with dishevelled locks, rushed down to the water's edge, as the canoe touched the shore, and seizing the sword presented to her father by the King's own hand, jumped on board, and smote off sixteen heads of the poor captives, who, without a murmur, placed their necks over the side-board of the canoe.\* Twenty more were also killed and eaten; and yet the frantic woman, not thinking that the shade of her husband was sufficiently appeased with this sacrifice, went into the bush with a loaded musket, and there shot herself; the ball, however, only passing through her arm, instead of her head, she was still alive when found, but determined to accompany her husband to the Reinga, she afterwards strangled herself." — P. 313.

His name spread terror wherever he went, till he became a kind of Napoleon of New Zealand. At length, however, he received a wound, and after lingering for a whole year, terminated his existence in the awful manner here related.

"In his last hours, so far from attending to the words of the Missionaries, he urged his followers to prosecute the war, and exterminate his enemies. When Patuone visited him, a day or two before his death, and was told he was dying, he said, 'No, I am not dying: my heart is quite light. I am not dying.' The next day he fainted, and was supposed to be dead; when he revived, he said, he should die, but not until the morrow. He ordered his powder to be brought to him, and when he saw it, he said to his children, *ka ora koutou*, — you will be safe; intimating, that powder would be their protection. He then summoned his sons, and gave the coat of mail he had received from the King of England to one of them,

and then divided his battle-axes and fire-arms amongst them, sternly demanding, 'Who will dare to attack my followers after I am gone?'

"Early next morning, though evidently sinking fast, he continued to rally his friends, and said, 'No matter from what quarter your enemies come, let their numbers be ever so great, should they come here hungry for you, *kia toa*, *kia toa*, be brave, be brave! Thus will you revenge my death, and thus only do I wish to be revenged.' He continued repeating these words until he expired." — P. 315.

The history of many other chiefs is given by Mr. Taylor, but we have no more space for extracts, and must refer to the work itself for the very graphic descriptions there contained of the strange horrors that accompany now, as formerly, the casting out of evil spirits.

Mr. Taylor's comments on Church government are beyond our present object to discuss. He obviously takes a different view of things from Bishop Selwyn, of whom nevertheless he speaks with a deference that comes all the more gracefully from a man of very insufficient grasp of Church principles, but of sufficiently long experience, (for Mr. Taylor was in those parts twenty years,) to give him full right, without any charge of presumption, to speak his own mind freely. His sneering language about the Canterbury Settlement deserves exceptional rebuke. On one, and that the main point; viz., one of fact, we have the united testimony of both Mr. Taylor and the Bishop. A change has come over the Maori race, more corresponding with primitive conversions than has been witnessed for many centuries. They were blind, whereas now they see; and in this fact we may rest satisfied, that even though some differences of opinion have been at work, the One Great Agent has been truly at work, preparing an acceptable people to be added to His Church.

\* "An eye-witness related this horrid butchery to me, — Mr. Puckey, of Kaitara, one of our Catechists."

GOD AND MAN, IN ANGLO-SAXON. — Of their conception of the essence of the Divine being, the Anglo-Saxon language affords a singular testimony, for the name *God* signifies *good*. He was goodness itself, and the Author of all goodness. Yet the idea of denoting the Deity by a term equivalent to abstract and absolute

perfection, striking as it may appear, is perhaps less remarkable than the fact that the word *Man*, which they used as we do to designate a human being, also signified *wickedness*; showing how well they were aware that our fallen nature had become identified with sin and corruption. — *Palgrave's History of England*.

From The Press, 24 May.

TRIPARTITE TREATY.

THE question is now raised — What is the meaning of the Tripartite Treaty of the 15th of April? It is no answer to this question to refer us to the bare text of the Treaty. We can all read that it guarantees the integrity of the Ottoman empire. But we desire to learn something more. We want to know what circumstances and considerations were thought to render that Treaty necessary. The security of Turkey was guaranteed by the general Treaty of March 30. That treaty put an end to the war by removing its causes. What were the further motives which led to the Tripartite Treaty? What European necessity prompted it? In a word, what was the policy which dictated it, and what policy does it represent?

Can it seriously be maintained that this Tripartite Treaty represents nothing more than an agreement between the three contracting Powers that the common Treaty of the 30th March shall be duly executed? Why should such provision be made? Great Powers, like England, and France, and Austria, do not enter into solemn and binding engagements with each other without a clear perception of ends, and of their power of carrying those ends into effect. It is, at least, certain that in this instance the three Powers felt sure that their alliance would be sufficiently powerful to secure their object — that the alliance would give them a preponderating weight and influence in Europe, and that no combination which could be formed by other Powers would be able to make head against it. If we regard this Triple Alliance by the text of the treaty alone, is it yet possible to avoid the conclusion that the three parties in union consider themselves the arbiter of Europe — that while the alliance lasts no disturbance can arise which they have not the means of easily suppressing — that no war can break out which will not be under the complete control of their forces? If the alliance does not represent this idea of European predominance, it can have no meaning whatever, for it would pretend to guarantee an object which it has not the power of securing. Lord Palmerston must have had a sovereign contempt for the understanding, or the principle, of the assembly he was addressing, when he asserted that this Triple Alliance did not in any way imply an ascendancy in Europe. The presumption of such ascendancy is the very foundation upon which it rests.

Not less absurd was Lord Palmerston's argument that this Tripartite Treaty could have no influence on the general policy of Europe, because it was concluded for a specific purpose. It is impossible that the

alliances of powerful States can be limited to special ends. They must from their very nature be of a wide and general character. They must represent a system of policy. What can be more ridiculous than to suppose, as Lord Palmerston pretends, that States can be closely allied with each other as respects some ends, and decidedly hostile to each other as respects other ends — that they can at one and the same time be agreed and disagreed — that they can be united and repugnant — bound in amity by a junction of right hands, while stabbing at each other with left hands? Does any sane man believe that England, France, and Austria, while firmly associated on the Turkish question, can be dissociated on the Italian question, or any other question whatever? While their alliance subsists, they will find some way or other of accommodating all differences which could disturb it. In consideration of the advantages and the strength resulting from it, they will easily make some sacrifices of sentiment and predilection. That they should at once be not only united and opposed is not only improbable but impossible; for, from the instant that their opposition becomes decided the alliance would cease, and the Tripartite Treaty would become waste paper.

Sardinia understands this. She is awakening to the inevitable consequences of the Triple Alliance. Her position is embarrassing and painful. She joined the Allies in arms while Austria still held back. It is not to be supposed that a State like Sardinia would engage in a war which in no way directly concerned her without hope of some advantage. She stood forward in opposition to Austria as the champion of Italian unity and independence. She hoped to increase her weight as an Italian power. Why might not Austria retain the Danubian provinces in exchange for her Italian Territory? Sardinia would, in that case, be freed from a hostile and powerful neighbor, and Lombardy might be united to Piedmont. Such speculations were encouraged by public opinion in this country. Sardinia believed beyond doubt that when the Italian question was next raised, France and England would stand by her side in opposition to Austria.

What is the case now? The Italian question has become urgent. The excitement caused by the war cannot be suppressed. On one side Sardinia is pressed by the secret societies of Italy, and on the other she is met by the firm resistance of Austria. She appeals to France and England for aid; with what result we may conjecture from the assurance in the organ of the Premier, that "in relation to the state of Italy the English government is doing just nothing at all. It

looks on and waits. When the time of action comes it will know its duty." These may probably be Lord Palmerston's own words. They are not very dissimilar to those he employed in the House on Monday evening.

While waiting for "the time of action," Italy is to be soothed by promises of reform. Lord Minto's mission was to promote reform, and we know what kind of reform it tended to produce. The Italian people are not to be thus put off. They desire liberty, they desire to be freed from foreign domination, and they will be content with nothing less. Pio Nino began his pontificate in a most reforming spirit. Count Rossi, a layman and a most beneficent and enlightened statesman, was his Minister, and Count Rossi fell by the daggers of assassins. Austria desires to introduce into her Italian administration as much reform as is practicable, and as much freedom as is safe. But her good intentions are restrained by the violence she has to control. Why is her rule in Lombardy different from her rule in the Tyrol, but because in the one case she is compelled to be severe, and in the other she can afford to be confiding.

Situated as Italy is, coerced by governments the people are anxious to overthrow, there is no policy possible but a repressive policy. If freed from foreign domination, Italy might show capacity for self-government, and become united and free. But between perfect liberty and stern government there can be no medium. The secret societies aim at liberation, and they will be content with nothing less. They must be satisfied or repressed.

To which line of policy does the Triple Alliance point? In presence of that great fact, the encouragement still held out to the Italian patriots is a mockery, and it is as mischievous as it is insincere. Lord Palmerston was never more disingenuous than in his speech of Monday night. He has concluded the Triple Alliance, that a predominant power may be constituted in Europe; and he repudiates the Alliance, lest he should offend his Liberal supporters. He professes one system of policy in his speeches, while he supports a directly opposite system by his acts. He is an absolutist in the Cabinet, and a revolutionist out of it. His double-dealing dishonors the nation, and stirs up disturbance in every part of Europe where elements of disaffection exist. His professed enmity is a safeguard, and his professed friendship a pitfall.

If he conceives an Austrian Alliance to be favorable to this country, why should he not express his convictions? Why should he be less candid than his late colleague, Lord Ab-

erdeen? We may have no cause to condemn his policy, but we have a right to know what it is. The Prime Minister of England should disdain to skulk in the dark ways of diplomatic deceit. What an insult is it to the people of this country to assume that their foreign relations must be conducted by trick and subterfuge, and that they can be trapped by false professions into approval of a policy which they would reject with contumely if supported by a manly and honest avowal of principle!

From *The Trait d'Union* (Mexican paper), 3 June.

#### EUROPEAN INTERVENTION IN AMERICA.

THERE are events of which we have a presentiment, which we see approach, which must infallibly arrive, and the realization of which we consider inevitable in a future more or less proximate, without our having at the same time, in support of such suppositions, either positive reasons or data rigorously conclusive.

In the number of these events we must place the approaching intervention of the great European Powers in the affairs of America. We shall not, certainly, undertake to prove how and why this great fact is to be realized, but we have the intimate conviction that it will be realized; and, better still, that it will take place before long.

The symptoms which are floating in the atmosphere, the aspect of the horizon, distant sounds barely audible, a crowd of indications more or less vague—thousands of arguments, without strength if we examine them separately, but powerful if we group them together, force us, in spite of ourselves, to become prophets.

America cannot remain in its present position. Of two things one is certain—in the disorganization of forces presented by the different nations of which it is composed, we must suppose necessarily that the North will absorb the South, or that a powerful intervention will interpose for the protection of the weak against the strong, and the re-establishment of the lost equilibrium.

If we were still at the point where our ancestors were a hundred years ago; if the relations between the Old and New Worlds had only just been opened; if there had not been so considerable a mixture between the different races; if the interests of the nations were not so consolidated; if, in short, Europe and America could now, as formerly, live each its own life, without caring about or occupying itself which the other, the first of our two hypotheses would be that which would be realized: the North would absorb the South, and no one would have an idea of opposing it, for no one would have an interest in doing so.



But things have altered greatly in the last hundred years; distances have been approximated, relations have been drawn closer, races have been amalgamated and crossed to an infinite extent, interests have become associated; and all this to such a point, that there is not an event, an insignificant fact, in the most obscure corner of the New World, which has not its re-action in the old one, which does not either flatter or wound some interest or sympathy.

Europe, therefore, cannot remain indifferent to what is passing in America; the absorption of the South by the North cannot obtain its sanction; its interests and its dignity are opposed to it; we must consequently have an intervention on its part.

But active, positive intervention of certain European Powers in the affairs of America is war with the United States. If intervention is on the strength of things, war is no less so. Rightly or wrongly, our neighbors of the North believe themselves to be the exclusive masters of the whole American continent. If they thought so without saying it, less attention would be paid to them. If, again, they said it more modestly, perhaps we might forgive them; but it is because they say it in a manner and in a tone which cannot be eternally tolerated. Be it on account of Nicaragua, or that of Cuba, or on that of any other question of a similar nature, we repeat, that a war between the United States and certain European powers appears to us inevitable.

A war between the United States and one of the great European Powers can no longer be sterile, as formerly; those great struggles no longer take place with the sole aim of shedding blood or of burning ports; they must have a practical and tangible object, which success realizes and which forms the condition of peace. Look at the war in the East; its object was the maintenance of the European equilibrium; the treaty of Paris has fully and gloriously realized it. The object of a war of European Powers with the United States can only be the establishment of the American equilibrium.

We shall presently see in what consists the American equilibrium, and the important rôle that under such circumstances Mexico will play, summoned by its position to become the pivot on which the balance of power should be established.

From The Examiner, 7 June.

#### OUR RELATIONS WITH AMERICA.

It is impossible that two great nations with interests so connected can go to war for such causes, in every month, with reference to our American differences. But, unhappily,

these very words remind us of the same reliance, so signally falsified, as regarded Russia. Who thought that war possible? When no escape from it could be shaped out in imagination, yet the hope of peace, or the faith in peace, lingered in men's minds.

The ambition of one wilful man brought upon the world the calamity of the war just closed, and precisely the same cause threatens us with the same evil on a far larger scale. The vices of despotism and democracy thus tend to the same end. There are men, says Bacon, such self-lovers that they will not scruple to fire their neighbor's house in order to roast their own eggs in the embers. President Pierce is one of this class, and would not hesitate to set the world on fire for so paltry an end as a renewal of power for four short years. This man's use of power is to prolong his power *coute qu'il coute*. To play his selfish game thousands may perish, and thousands more brought to ruin in both countries. Can such wickedness be suffered to prevail? Will not the good sense and feeling of the American people revolt against such atrocious extremities? We are bound to trust they may, but we cannot shut our eyes to some ugly facts. A certain recklessness is a strong American characteristic. They do not look before them as we do, they have not our care of consequences. A man in the United States builds up his fortune easily, and as lightly throws it down, to build it up again. He goes ahead heedlessly, because he falls easily, as children fall. Of cleverness, enterprise, and activity there is superabundance, but little forethought and prudence in our sense of the words. The Americans are indeed very much the spoiled children of circumstances; they have been fortune's favorites, and are too likely to make the mistakes of those whose heads are turned by a course of prosperity and success.

Much hopeful stress is laid on consanguinity, the common stock, and the common language. Upon the effects of the last circumstance we have much doubt. Barriers to the communication of ideas have their advantages as well as the contrary. The mass of the French people, the Germans, the Russians, have no knowledge of uncomplimentary mention of them in English print or conversation, and our commonalty for the most part are in the same blessed ignorance of offensive comments in foreign languages.

Peace gains something by these barriers of foreign tongues. The language in common with the American Union has served, not as it ought to have done, as a means of concord, but as a ground of offence in common. They see everything that is said in the English press disagreeable to their self-love, and we

as regularly have brought under our view whatever they retort disparaging or insulting to us. On each side irritation is kept up, and national vanity is in a perpetual fret. The Americans complain that the British are the only people in the world who ridicule their peculiarities, and find fault with their habits and manners. The fact is not so, but they do not see or hear how they are handled in foreign languages, and we therefore falsely appear to be their only censors or detractors. Hence a vast deal of undue resentment and spleen. We believe that nothing would tend so much to peace between the two countries as the confusion of tongues falling upon them for the space of two or three years. It is because we understand each other verbally so well that we understand each other substantially so ill. And perhaps if the diplomatic relations are suspended, and the two governments sulk and cease to speak to each other for a season, good may come of the interruption of intercourse.

The belief that nothing would provoke England to go to war encouraged the late Emperor Nicholas to the aggressions which terminated in the event which Russia has had such reason to rue. We trust this example will not be lost on the people of the United States. England has an immense stake in peace with America. She knows how to measure the vast calamity of war, but there are evils to which she is prepared to submit as necessities, like the pestilence and famine, if there be no honorable means of escaping them. Our Government has proposed arbitration upon one question, has expressed regrets and offered apology respecting another. If it has been in the wrong inadvertently in the enlistment affair, it has put itself in the right by its conciliatory conduct. There are bounds, however, to concession, especially when there appear to be no bounds to exactions and pretensions.

The world has never yet seen such a war as would be the war, strange, foul, and unnatural, between the United States and England, for the world has never before seen two nations with the same identity of interests, having between them, besides the ties of kindred and free institutions, the tie of the largest commercial relations. The annual value of our trade with America is equal to the whole national revenue of Russia. Sore scandal would it be to humanity if two countries which so serve and enrich each other should turn their powers to injuring each other, which they would unhappily do in far greater proportion. How the evil spirits of the world would rejoice at such a spectacle of the fallibility of free institutions. We have been told that

war is a game Kings would not play at if their people were wise. What, then, must be the people who permit the chief officer of their state to play this wicked game for his own separate and particular interests, bidding for a renewal of his power by abusing it?

#### TRADE WITH AMERICA.

In the year 1854 the total value of the imports from the United States was £29,795,590, in round numbers about a fifth of the total value of the imports from all parts of the world. The value of the raw cotton alone imported in that year was £17,274,677.

In the same year the value of the exports of produce and manufactures of the United Kingdom to the United States was £21,410,369. The exports of foreign and colonial produce to the United States amounted to £923,116, making, together with the British produce and manufactures, a value of £22,333,485, about a fifth of the total exports. Such is our commercial interests in peace.

The American interests in peace with this country is even stronger, for, in round numbers, half their whole export trade is with England, and forty per cent. of their import trade.

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From The Times, 7 June.

NEITHER we, nor any other journal that we know of, ever professed any exclusive and private information on the public affairs of the United States. The subject-matter of our remarks has been open to all the world, and, whatever difference of opinion there might be as to the temper, and motives, and designs of public men in the United States, or of the people, the facts have been matter of notoriety. We believe, then, we are only remarking what is the subject of universal observation—that, for a long time past, and in particular throughout the whole of the difference that now assumes so threatening an aspect, there have been two distinct currents of feeling in the American intelligence. On the one hand, there has been everything that could irritate, annoy, and provoke the British Government and all those classes supposed to be specially concerned in it. There has been no end of bragging of the vigorous genius and ascendant destiny of the Union, as compared with a worn out old-world State like ours. There has been the continual assertion that the British people would never support its Government against any pretensions whatever that the States might choose to advance. Much more there has been to this effect, and we have occasionally filled whole columns with matter of this offensive description, well knowing that our readers would set it down

at its true value. Such has been one current of feeling and a very disagreeable one it has been. The other has equally pressed itself upon the public attention of this country. Indeed, one might almost suppose there were people in the United States who make it their business to impress on us this view of American society. It is this: "Never mind all this apparent hostility. It is mere electioneering. All the more respectable, all the more substantial people in the Union, are against war. Their sympathies with 'the old country' are still too strong. They can never wish to see it degraded. Their private interests are bound up in peace. Only don't you fan the flame. This difference is the work of a few violent politicians, who find it to their interest to widen the breach, and bring two countries to the verge of war—though, indeed, it would matter little to them if the verge were passed." Such are the two streams of intelligence flowing hither from the opposite shore. They present the widest possible difference, and yet we believe them both to be true.

The solution of the apparent inconsistency is to be found in the character of the class that governs the United States and of that which submits to be only governed. That phrase, "the governing classes," which here applies to a very aristocratic, or rather oligarchical section of the community, is not without meaning in the United States, but has a very different meaning. There it may be applied to the clever, speculative, and eloquent,—to the men of popular manner, plausible style, and voluble utterance. Of course, the class derives no little aid from the pen of the ready writer, for nobody can deny that the most lively and readable of the American journals represent rather the agitators than the quiet, respectable class. They are evidently not written for elderly gentlemen, reading the daily paper for an hour after breakfast, or while the ladies are at work in the evening. We should also say that they are not written for people with a very deep stake in tranquility and order. The political mind is the same, indeed, all over the world, for everywhere there are those who betake themselves more naturally and also more successfully to political action, talking, and writing, than to any other occupation, and who find their success or their failure, but at all events their most congenial employment, in the exercise of that speciality. This is the governing class in the United States, where everything is left to the natural bent of the individual, and where political genius is a flower that seldom blushes unseen, or wastes its sweetness in obscurity. The class which submits to be only governed, and which is as thoroughly banished from

power in the United States as the poorest, the most retired, the most poetical, and the most sentimental among us, is the respectable and wealthy class—the men of old families, the people of whom we are repeatedly told by American apologists that British travellers never see them, and know nothing at all about them. We are assured that in all the large cities of the long-settled States there are circles with a refinement of their own, as exclusive and as gentlemanly as anything to be found in this country,—a sort of oasis in that rugged wilderness. We are told, too, that everywhere wealth, family education, and religion are forming similar islands of good society. But, unfortunately, so it is said, everywhere the result is the same. Whatever is exclusive,—as all retirement must be,—whatever shuts out the people, ostracizes itself. It is banished from power. It must henceforth be governed by that which is below it, and which it despises. Thus, the Government of the United States is formed like the vestry of a London parish, not from the inhabitants of the splendid squares and first-class streets, but from the second or third-rate people, who appreciate the distinction, and have no other means of exalting themselves. We are told that this class, which is too proud to seek an office on the humiliating terms required in a republic,—these imitators of Coriolanus, too proud to solicit the suffrages of the Roman mob, is every year more numerous and wealthy. But it only shows a growing distaste for vulgar dictation and the favor of a mob. Such are the two classes, the political and the unpolitical men of the States,—they who seek office and they who despise it.

Now, we shall doubtless seem very ungrateful, and shall forfeit probably a great deal of good-will, when we avow that our sympathies are more with the political class, though generally hostile to this country, and that we have very little patience with the unpolitical class, which is always represented as friendly to us. Could the politicians of the Union be canvassed, we fear we should find a determination to push things to an extremity with this country and to get every possible advantage out of our loss or disgrace. With this sentiment we can have no sympathy. It is simply inhuman and selfish. But what are we to say to those wealthy and exclusive classes which keep aloof, as we are told, from all political questions and struggles, which leave office in vulgar hands, and sell the policy and honor of their country for peace, not to it, but to themselves? It is from these rich, worthy, good, sentimental people, that there comes the undercurrent of worthless sympathy we have mentioned above. These are the respectable people

who, if we met them, would give us much better an opinion of America than we now have. These are the men whom Colonel Hamilton, and Mrs. Trollope, and Charles Dickens, and a score other writers, never saw; and who are not to be confounded with stump-orators, members of the United States' Cabinet, and drinkers of gin-sling. How earnest must be their generosity to the old country! What good have they done us? We will frankly say that we could wish they were kinder towards their own fellow-citizens. We have no right to demand their sympathy for us, but may expect them to be patriotic among themselves. Why do these people go on conniving at a state of affairs which brings a low class of adventurers perpetually to the helm of the State? Why do they allow a few needy men to sell for a short tenure of power and salary the obligations of a great empire? It is they who are the dangerous classes on that side of the Atlantic, though, indeed, no class is really so dangerous as that which keeps aloof from office, leaves power to be the prize of a scramble, and then sends its barren sympathy to those who suffer by its own dereliction of duty. It matters little to us on the brink of a war, and already insulted and defied, that there are people in the States who feel more with us than with their own Government. Of course, we shall have to assert our own honor. We shall have to defend those whom we stand obliged to protect; and, if the United States dismiss our Minister, we can no longer tolerate the presence of Mr. Dallas. How much further matters may go no man can tell, nor is it a matter for our speculation. But if there are, as we believe, these respectable classes in the United States—if they have a sense of justice and honor,—if the feeling which makes them despise office themselves should have any foundation in patriotism, now is the time for them to come forward and avert from two worlds the horrors of war. Should any disaster happen to their country, they will be the first and the principal sufferers, and will have merited all they have to suffer.

From The Press (Tory), 7 June.

THE Ministerial journals are inclined to "pooh-pooh" the dismissal by the United States Government of her Majesty's representative at Washington. We are to regard it as an act of capricious spite, incapable of leading to serious consequences. Did not the Court of Spain expel Sir Henry Bulwer from Madrid, with no worse result than a temporary suspension of diplomatic intercourse between the two countries? There was no war with Spain then; why should there be war

with the United States now? We shall probably get on with America much better in consequence of the irritating diplomatic intercourse having been brought to a conclusion.

This style of comment is exactly parallel with that pursued when the Russians crossed the Pruth. The passage of the river was of no great moment. The Russians had occupied the Principalities before, and had left them peaceably. They had, by treaty, a right to occupy them. The dispute would be arranged. Even Sinope was only to be regarded as an unfortunate occurrence, in no way requiring us to engage in hostilities with Russia. We have too often experienced the fallacy of such hopeful assurances to place much faith in them.

The dismissal of Mr. Crampton is *not* a mere ebullition of spleen; it is *not* the result of a mere diplomatic squabble. It is the consequence of an irreconcilable difference between the two Governments, which has been continually gaining strength for the last twelvemonth. Lately they have been taking their ground, and now the hat of President Pierce is thrown up into the ring.

Lord Palmerston is confident. He earnestly deprecates the interference of the Legislature. He desires nothing better than that the two Cabinets shall be left alone. The more critical the situation, the greater need is there that confidence should be reposed in her Majesty's Government. While an event is in suspense, the public interests would be periled by a parliamentary discussion. When the event is decided, one way or the other, of what use is discussion on the past? There must be no debate while the Government is drifting,—there is no need of debate when it has drifted.

The dispute with the United States is excessively difficult and complicated; but because it has become so under the superintendence of Lord Palmerston's Cabinet, that does not appear to us the best reason in the world for reposing absolute confidence in his Cabinet's wisdom and discretion. Political affairs have a tendency to run in the groove in which they are once set. If they are moving in a wrong direction they will not right themselves. A violent effort is required to rectify their original impulse. Unless the natural leaders of the public mind in both countries will look into the cause of quarrel for themselves, and will exercise a restraining influence over the belligerent propensities of their Executives, they may rely on it that a crash is inevitable.

The question for our Legislature to consider is a very simple one. Has the United States Government just ground of complaint against Mr. Crampton? Is it true that he took ad



vantage of his position as British Minister at Washington to violate the neutrality laws of the country to which he was accredited? If the charge is sustained by facts, ought this country, through a feeling of false pride, to persist in asserting that he is blameless? We are very unwilling to give the Cabinet of General Pierce an opportunity of crowing over us. Its tone has been so offensive on this enlistment question that nothing would please us better than to find it in the wrong. But because it is insolent with a strong case, are we to be defiant with a weak one?

From Mr. Crampton's own statements it is impossible to resist the conviction that he did violate the neutrality laws of the United States, not in spirit only, but in letter. A man writes to him from New Orleans that he has but to hold up his finger and five thousand of as brave fellows as ever handled a musket will hasten to enter the service of her Majesty. They are disgusted with the oppression of the States Government, and they long for nothing so much as—to touch the bounty of the recruiting sergeant. The only question is how they are to be got to the Queen's territory. Does Mr. Crampton suppose their expenses will be paid? Mr. Crampton has no doubt of it. Get them to Halifax, and each man's passage-money will be forthcoming, and bounty, pay, and promotion, are all in store for the gallant volunteers.

The New Orleans agent is not quite satisfied. He sends Mr. Crampton an advertisement he proposes to insert in the papers: "A ship A. 1, will sail weekly from New Orleans to Halifax, as long as passengers present themselves." Will such a notice be legal? Mr. Crampton has no doubt of it. Let the agent get his passengers, and there need be no doubt as to the payment of all their expenses at Halifax.

Is there any lawyer in this country who will say that the action of the New Orleans agent would not come under the "hiring and retaining" of the United States' statute? For what purpose would the men be shipped? What kind of understanding would there be with them? What would be the secret conditions of their engagement? And if this agent violated the neutrality laws, can it be contended that the British minister at Washington who assured this agent of his fee, who indicated the place to which the recruits should be taken, and stated the bounty, pay, and advantages, they would receive, did not offend against the neutrality laws also? The case will not bear inquiry. Our Government may have a right to say that they did not expect the United States Executive to be so sharp; but it is insulting to common sense, it is contrary to the facts which Mr. Cramp-

ton has placed on record, to assert that the States Government has not just cause for the course they have taken.

The answer of Lord Clarendon has been, uniformly, that he is sorry the Government of the United States should think it has cause for remonstrance. He applies himself to theories when he should discuss facts. He has made no apology, because he denies that an apology is required. If his view be the correct one, then the dismissal of Mr. Crampton from Washington is about the grossest insult ever offered to a great nation. But, if it be not correct, is it possible that this country will stand by without making an effort to avert the consequences of his error?

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From The Spectator, 7 June.

If history did not teach, beyond contradiction, that nations are as subject as individuals to the prejudices that mislead and the passions that blind the judgment, silence the conscience, and drown the pleadings of enlightened self-interest, any slight misunderstanding between two great states, in which political power was vested in the body of the people, might be safely trusted to time and cool reflection, and all fear of an appeal to arms banished. Unfortunately, experience tells just the contrary tale. No governments have been more ready to make war on slight pretences than those which a democracy has controlled; nowhere have reason and good feeling been more habitually subordinated to selfish ambition and reckless passion than in democracies. And if President Pierce and his colleagues succeed in embroiling their country with Great Britain, they will only add one more example to a numerous list of such, from which the Absolutist draws his favorite argument that the peace of the world and the interests of mankind are only safe when political power is vested in a few hands, and the hereditary principle comes in to entail a perpetuity of responsibility for the conduct of a government.

It is in vain to put forward optimist views on this subject, or to deny that the maintenance of peace between Great Britain and the United States is in extreme hazard. We do not, indeed, attach vast importance to the harsh indignity put upon Mr. Crampton, except as an indication of the temper and purpose of the American Government. No mere insolence and arrogance of men raised to a position for which they are palpably unfit, and unacquainted with the courtesies of public life or resolved to violate them, can tempt the English Government to a declaration of war. We can endure the suspension of diplomatic intercourse with

the United States with as much equanimity as we endured the same calamity in the case of Spain. We shall regret a circumstance that proclaims a hostile feeling on the part of the two Governments; but having done our best to prevent it, we can do no more, and certainly shall not resent it by bombarding New York or Washington. Nor are we entitled to protest against—however much we may disapprove of—the President's recognition of the buccaneer Walker; though of course such a proceeding leaves us at perfect liberty, morally and legally, to take the other side in the Nicaraguan civil war, if civil war it can be called in which a band of foreign adventurers is opposed to a great majority of a nation. Not that any English Minister in his senses would think of doing so, but that President Pierce has removed all ground of complaint that the United States would otherwise have had against such a step. Still, two such steps as the dismissal of a British Minister for an alleged offence for which every rational reparation has been offered, and the acknowledgment of a buccaneer Government of American adventurers in Central America, in direct violation of the spirit if not the letter of the Bulwer-Clayton treaty, at the same time that a literal adherence to that treaty with an American gloss is demanded of the English Government, constitute a determined attitude of offence, and indicate such a resolve to take law and interpretation into their own hands on the part of the American Government, as must damp the spirit of conciliation on our part, and make it necessary for our Government to stand firmly on its rights, and refuse to yield to dictation, bullying, and menace, claims which it has in vain offered to submit to arbitration.

In short, the effect of the conduct of President Pierce and his colleagues has been to prevent the British Government from receding an inch from its strict treaty and natural rights. Thanks to the efficiency of our navy and army at this moment, our dignity does not require us to do more than stand perfectly still, and allow the American Government to vent its bad temper or pursue its personal policy to any result short of infringing upon those rights. We are strong enough to pass insolence and rudeness and disobligingness by in silent contempt: and, beyond relying on our own strength to defend ourselves if attacked or injured, and to make the aggressor rue his folly, we have the good sense and good feeling of the American nation to counterpoise the malignant policy of its now expiring Government. It will be time to identify the nation with its rulers when they have sanctioned the President's policy by a formal vote of the Legislature.

Till then, we may hope that the policy is but an election manoeuvre on a vaster scale of reckless wickedness than usual. Meanwhile, it becomes our own Government to remember, that in spite of the wishes and efforts of all the wise and good on both sides the Atlantic, war may result from the madness of Pierce and his partisans—and to be prepared for it. They may be sure that the English nation will no more sanction submission to humiliation than they will pardon a rash haste in appealing to arms in such a quarrel. If any means of stopping the progress of the dispute remain untried, let them be at once applied. All other means failing, the Government may rely upon being supported by the country in maintaining the honor and interest of England against any foreign power. But they must make it clear that the honor and interest of England are concerned. It was this conviction that nerved the nation's arm, and made it count blood and treasure as nought in comparison, throughout the war that has just closed. The English people have not as yet the same strong conviction on the matter in dispute with the Government of the United States; and unless our leading statesmen feel that they have a case which, when fully and clearly stated, will rouse this conviction, they had better let Central America alone, and leave the United States quietly to become the Disunited States, as they certainly will if the policy of buccaneering prevail at Washington.

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*[The Boston Daily Advertiser helps us to the later summary with which we conclude.]*

THE following is the leading article in the *London Times* of the latest date (14th):

“If there ever was an occasion on which the boldest might wish to be silent, it is when, on the eve of a collision between two worlds, and, what is worse, two peoples of the same race and tongue, there arrives a message of the gravest import, which must be replied to, yet which admits of no simple and consistent construction. We have no reason to believe that there exists any private clue to the enigma with which American diplomacy is trying the ingenuity and the courage of our statesmen. The American government takes the very strong act of dismissing our minister and three consuls. By the side of this strong act it has sent what is described as a most conciliatory document, expressing itself fully satisfied with the course taken by the British government, and hoping that the dismissal of the minister and consuls will not be taken amiss. If the dismissal was for one thing, and the accompanying civilities for another,—if there were only a difference

of tone between an act and a document that happened to be contemporaneous, that at least would be intelligible. But they are upon the same subject. The American government has always maintained that our government has been implicated in the proceedings of its minister and consuls. If it has now given up that charge this is the first time, and, without the document before us, we are at a loss to imagine in what words it has done this. But, whatever those words, by whatever contrivance of courtesy it acquits our government of the charge, it is impossible to disguise the fact that the dismissal of the minister and the consuls is the actual reply to the explanations of our government, the actual result of the controversy, and the thing which the American government all along threatened and we deprecated. As for the effect on the world at large, not only upon the great theatre of nations, but, what is more important, the two people immediately concerned, an act must have infinitely more weight than any quantity of words. It is a very old and familiar saying that speech makes small impression compared with a startling spectacle. But in this case we are not even allowed to suppose that the American government has our conciliation very much at heart as a final object. It is a far more natural construction of this double policy that it wishes to persuade us into suffering an insult. It wishes to dismiss our representatives, and so take a verdict in its favor, without any inconvenient consequences. It would assume the power to boast that it had done to us what we ventured not to do in return. But that is not the whole of the complication. Together with an act of insult, and words deprecatory of our resentment, there arrives also a communication offering a prospect of settling our Central American differences, and assenting to our proposed arbitration. Thus, amid courtesies and hopes, there is a sort of lure held out that if we will take a defeat upon one question, we may possibly obtain a settlement upon the other.

"When one has to encounter strange, unintelligible, and compromising conduct, one has to choose commonly between two ways of meeting it. The first recommends itself on the score of discretion, and even charity. It is that we should attempt to make the best of it, to hope for the best, to do for the best; that we should yield and comply if we possibly can; that we should look for any loophole to escape from an impossible position, and strike a bargain, in which we must not expect to have entirely our own way. No doubt, such a course is often possible and wise, but it is never safe, unless it comes in the form of a comprehensive

offer, or from some one qualified to make such an offer, and conclude upon it; or on some occasion in which all the questions at issue may be reviewed and decided. In the present instance, we see nothing at all but a move as in a game of chess, where the player is committed to nothing but the move, and every subsequent step in the game is left to his own supreme discretion. The American Government has dismissed our Minister and Consuls for a reason which our government maintains to be no reason. That is the only substantial part of the move. That the American government has done it in such a way as to induce us to take it as quietly and patiently as possible is a minor affair, and, of course, is to be expected. The question is whether we can accept such a rebuff. The more logical course is to reply in the very terms of our antagonist's move. He has dismissed our minister with the utmost possible civility, and in the entire confidence we shall not be offended. We can, if we please, do the same. We can let Mr. Dallas return to the United States with the assurance that we have no ill-will to them, and only regret that they have put a wrong construction on our conduct. *Mutatis mutandis*, there is not a word in the communication reported from Washington that may not be returned in the most cordial spirit. Of course, we would very much rather that the controversy advanced step by step nearer to a solution, but it is the American government that leads it the other way. The American government tells us that our minister and consuls have become disagreeable to them through their connection with a disagreeable affair. Mr. Dallas is personally an agreeable man, but he has been made the channel of the intelligence that Mr. Crampton and the consuls have been dismissed. This, of course, must make his presence painful to this country. Such might be called the logical mode of replying to the last move on the American side. That move has been made with much art, and the reply should be made with not less. These are the two courses open to our government, and we presume it to be now anxiously engaged in the choice between them."

The following is the language of the *London Morning Post*:

"We have reason to believe that any doubt which remained upon the public mind as to the statement which we made ten days ago, of the approaching expulsion of Mr. Crampton from the territory of the United States, is now definitely removed. The United States Minister in London has, we understand, communicated to her Majesty's government the determination of the Cabinet of Washington

to hold no further diplomatic intercourse with Mr. Crampton, and to withdraw the *exequatur* from the three consuls who are alleged to have infringed the laws of the Union. This declaration we believe we may state, is accompanied by offers ostensibly conciliatory, inasmuch as Mr. Dallas has received authority, if we retain him here, to treat with full powers concerning the questions at issue in Central America, and, in case of non-agreement with Lord Clarendon, to refer the matters to an arbitrator to be jointly agreed upon.

"The American government has thus, in the rash enforcement of its policy, taken the dangerous step of insulting England, accompanying the outrage by an offer which is intended to bribe us into quiet acquiescence.

"This is the real purport of this act, so conciliatory in appearance, but in appearance only. Substantially it is of no value, because the American government must be well aware that it is impossible for the Cabinet of this country to discuss any matters with Mr. Dallas whilst Mr. Crampton is forcibly suspended from his functions in the United States."

The *London Daily News* says:

"We have no doubt that the explanation which Lord John Russell is to seek from Government on Monday will be such as to allay all apprehensions of a rupture between this country and the United States. On the conduct of the existing American Executive we will not at present take upon us to pronounce a judgment. With regard to the American people, we do not need at this time of day to state what our feelings and opinions are. When Lord John Russell stated yesterday, in the House of Commons, that the whole nation desire a continuance of peace with America, he stated the simple and literal truth. It is not that this country is afraid of war with any other; but independently of the consideration that the Anglo-Americans are so closely allied with us in blood, language, and principles of social action—independently, too, of the paltriness of the grounds of dispute which have given rise to the present difficulties, there are additional reasons why England should at this moment be peculiarly reluctant to engage in hostilities with the United States. There is a noble field of exertion opening upon England, from which a war with America would infallibly withdraw our attention and divert our resources. We are called upon to watch over and encourage the dawning promise of national independence and liberal government in Italy. We are called upon to watch over the consolidation of that independence of the Turkish Empire for which we have been fighting. We are called upon to avail

ourselves of the restoration of security to Turkey for the initiation and development of grand schemes for accelerating the interchange of communication and the transport of goods and passengers between Great Britain and its Indian territories. Avocations like these—tending to promote free institutions and permanent tranquility in civilized Europe, tending to bring within the pale of civilization countries and peoples which now lie beyond its outer verge—are those to which the best heads and hearts of England are eager to devote themselves. It will not be their fault if, by driving to extremes the paltry misunderstandings between England and America, the devotion of the energies and resources of this country to such noble tasks is indefinitely postponed. On these grounds it is to be hoped that our rulers may be endowed with that spirit of wisdom and forbearance that is required to pilot them through their present difficulties. We have more than once expressed our wish that the dismissal of Mr. Crampton might be found compatible with allowing Mr. Dallas to remain here. On a recent occasion we have canvassed the difficulties attending such a course of action, and need not again go over the ground here. Immediate war with America is out of the question—the danger is in unforeseen collisions which might precipitate hostilities. We believe that the strictest injunctions have been forwarded to commanders on the American station carefully to avoid all risks of this description; but it is obvious that even the temporary cessation of diplomatic intercourse between the Governments at Washington and St. James' may render the task of carrying out these injunctions more difficult. We cling confidently to our belief that there will be no war; and we trust that the present embarrassments may have the good effect of teaching our statesmen to devote more study to our relations with America, and those vast oceanic regions in which Englishmen and Americans are so liable to come in contact. The truth is that our English statesmen, nursed in the diplomatic traditions of the past, have too long persisted in devoting their attention almost exclusively to European politics. In the near future the politics of Europe will form the least part of our care. Our settlements in America, India, Africa and Australia—our mercantile fleets, which sweep the Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific Oceans—render us denizens of a world, compared with which the limits of Europe dwindle into insignificance. In this wider world, England, the United States, Brazil, and (perhaps) Russia and Holland, are and will, to all human appearance, long continue the paramount powers. The principles of



policy by which nations are to regulate their conduct to each other in this expanded sphere are as yet extremely vague and unsettled. It would be an undertaking worthy of a true statesman, in concert with the best statesmen of the kindred Transatlantic Republic and of Brazil, to devise for this outer world some equitable and comprehensive scheme of international law to which they might conform their own policies, thereby setting an example and giving a law to other States."

By way of contrast to the extreme language held by some of the journals above quoted, we cite the following from the *Liverpool Morning Star*, a penny paper conducted with considerable spirit and ability. It is the conclusion of a long article in which any bellicose tendencies of the British administration are earnestly rebuked:

"And for what object are we to be exposed to the peril of this fratricidal conflict? Is there any great principle or interest involved? None whatever. The matters in dispute about Central America Mr. Dallas is vested with absolute power to arrange by friendly negotiation, or, if that fails, by the arbitration of an impartial umpire. Why, then, are these great nations to be flung into a mad whirlpool of strife and blood, out of which no human eye can foresee when, or in what condition they will emerge? In order to save the honor of Mr. Crampton, and of a reckless administration which has thought fit to identify itself with his escapades and blunders! And who is this personage for whose sake we are excepted to submit to such prodigious sacrifices? He is a fourth or fifth-rate man, the son of Lord Clarendon's medical attendant in Ireland, who by dint of that system of patronage and favoritism which is the curse of our country has been pushed into a position for which, according to the unanimous testimony of all who know him, he is utterly and notoriously unfit,—a man who, after obtaining the legal opinion of a gentleman whom he himself describes as of the highest reputation, professional and political, telling him that the American law against enlistment is so carefully and stringently drawn as to render it impossible to evade it, and warning him that "the least to be apprehended" by any one attempting to do so was "a prosecution," posts off to Nova Scotia, with this document in his hand, to prepare an elaborate and widely ramified scheme of operation, expressly for the purpose of attempting to do the very thing which his legal adviser declared he could not do without exposing himself and country to danger. A man who, at a most critical moment in the political relations of the two

greatest nations in the world, thrusts into his pocket a dispatch received from the Foreign Secretary, making a proposal of vital importance to the peace of both countries, without at all looking at its contents, and which he does not discover until about three months afterwards. A man who makes a broad, deliberate assertion in a diplomatic document, as to the opinion expressed to him by a distinguished statesman of another country on a mooted point of territorial right, which that gentleman sustained by the corroborative testimony of two or three other gentlemen of the highest character and position, flatly declares to be utterly and absolutely false. And this is the man, to save whose dignity, we are called upon to be ready, if need be, to be prodigal of our blood and treasure. But if the people of England really wish to be saved from a doom so calamitous and so ignoble, let them meet at once, and protest; and should there be no other remedy, let them hurl from power the blundering administration that threatens to expose them to this bitter humiliation."

From The Economist, 7 June.

#### OUTRAGE IN THE AMERICAN SENATE.

MR. CHARLES SUMNER is a Senator for Massachusetts. "Widely known in both hemispheres," says the *New York Tribune*, a partial witness, "as among the first of American scholars and orators, his career as a Senator has conferred renown even on the glorious commonwealth of which he is the foremost representative. Elected as the champion of no interest, no clique, no party, but simply of the great idea of Impartial Freedom, he has been eminently faithful to his high calling. Nobody could infer from his votes or speeches that he was ever, in the party sense, a Whig or Democrat; but no one can doubt that he is an earnest and fearless contemner of slavery. But four years in public life, he has already done much to redeem the term Abolitionist from the unmerited odium which an age of baseness, self-seeking and infidelity to revolutionary tradition and republican principle has contrived to cast upon it. He has elevated the range and widened the scope of senatorial debate, summoning poetry and literature to the elucidation of the gravest and driest political propositions, while by careful preparations and a finished oratory he has attracted thousands to hear and to consider elemental truths with the enunciation of which the corrupt and servile atmosphere of the Federal metropolis has been agitated far too seldom. There is no man now living who within the last five years has rendered the American people greater service or won

for himself a nobler fame than Charles Sumner."

This gentleman, standing so high in the estimation of his friends and his party, the most enlightened portion of the American community, began a speech in the Senate on the 19th ult., in favor of admitting Kansas under the Free State Constitution. The topic is very exciting, it involves the dispute between free soil and slavery, and Mr. Sumner treated it at great length. His speech extended over two sittings, and he had ample time for making a great oratorical display. It was more remarkable for vigor than asperity. He answered, however, some of the arguments of Mr. Butler, the member for South Carolina, and held him and his party up to ridicule, but said nothing which might not be called mild and gentlemanly, according to the standard adopted in the States. On the 22d, however, while still sitting at his desk in the Senate, which had a few minutes before adjourned, he was attacked by Mr. Preston Brooks, member of the House of Representatives for South Carolina, and a nephew of the Mr. Butler whom Mr. Sumner referred to. He fell on Mr. Sumner with a cane, while other representatives (a Mr. Keitt is particularly mentioned) stood by him, knocked Mr. Sumner down under his desk, and beat him so severely before the astounded members of the Senate, yet lingering in the House, could come to his rescue, that he was carried off bleeding and insensible. His life is not despaired of, but he has suffered severely from this most ruffianly attack. We may form a correct notion of this outrage by imagining that some member of the House of Commons should suppose he suffered an injury from something Lord Stanhope or Lord Shaftesbury had said in the House of Lords, and, profiting by his privilege of entering the House, had gone thither just as their Lordships had adjourned, and had beaten the noble Lord nearly to the point of death. Such an outrage would be revolting to us, and the man who committed it, like Palmer, would be doomed to life-long infamy.

Both the Senate and the House of Representatives have appointed committees to inquire into the subject. Many of the journals speak with becoming indignation of the scandalous outrage, which reflects more light on the manners of the gentlemen in the States than many books of travels. For other nations it is especially important, as rallying to one point all the embittered passions involved in the contest between the slavery and free soil parties. Already the Boston people have had a "spontaneous meeting to condemn the murderous attack on Senator Sumner." Other towns and cities will follow

the example, and the quarrel between the slaveholders and the Abolitionists will every day be more and more exasperated.

From the close intimacy which now exists between the Americans and ourselves, we cannot avoid taking a deep interest in the subject; and, in spite of the temporary derangement of our political relations with America, and in spite of the noisy abuse of Great Britain at some filibustering meetings, we should rather do all in our power to heal than widen the dissensions. It is for us, as enjoying a more advanced civilization than the Americans, having long been pressed into civility and good manners by our close contiguity to each other, to help them out of their difficulties, not add to their distractions. It must long have been palpable to every one, that there is close relationship between men living close together and civilization — between their being sparsely distributed over a large space and barbarism; and these peculiarities in our condition and that of the Americans should make us endeavor to smooth, not ruffle, their animosities. One of their own writers says of their dispersed population, accurately describing the semi-barbarism which pervades all the frontier people and affects more or less the whole community: "The territory they acquire is out of all proportion to their wants, their physical strength, or their capital; they cultivate only here and there a very fertile spot, where the powers of the soil are soon spent by a succession of exhausting crops; and in the careless style of agriculture with which they become accustomed, through their dependence on the extent and natural richness of the land, is soon lost all remembrance of the agricultural art and science which they brought with them from their own home. Widely separated from each other, amply supplied with food by the bounty of nature, but destitute of the manufactured articles on which depend the comfort and even the decencies of life, out of the reach of the law and beyond the sphere of education, they rapidly approximate to the conditions of the savages whom they have just dispossessed. They become 'squatters,' 'backwoodsmen,' 'bushmen,' whose only enjoyments are hunting and intoxication, whose only school-room is the forest, and whose sense of justice is manifested only by the processes of Lynch law. They are doomed to the arbitrary, violent, brutal existence which destroys all true civilization, all sympathy with other men, though it increases strength of body, adroitness, courage, and the love of adventure. The pioneers of civilization, as they have been fondly called, leave laws, education, and the arts behind them. They may be the means of partially civilizing others,

but they are in great danger of brutalizing themselves."

It is for us, then, to set these semi-savages, and to set the community which suffers from their vices and benefits by their virtues, a good example, as in fact in all that concerns suavity of manner amongst gentlemen we do; and not provoke exhibitions of violence by intemperate demands, or a rigid adherence to old rules of intercourse between Governments borrowed from a condition of society approximating to that of the back-woodsmen. It is for us to echo the remarks of their own well-instructed writers, and show them and the world the real source of that semi-barbarity of which the outrage in the Senate is an illustration; and it is for us who have reached a more forward state of civilization to help them on in the same career. We do this in fact when we open our ports freely to all kinds of trade, when we lay no obstacle in the way of our surplus population finding a new home amongst them, and when we show them, by the conduct of our well-ordered multitude, the benefits they will be sure to derive from putting aside bowie knives, canes, and revolvers—taming their zeal, moderating their anger, and living together in harmony and peace.

From The Press, 7 June.

#### INDECISION OF LORD CLARENDON.

It is a misfortune in the present relations of England with the United States, that our Secretary for Foreign Affairs should be of so nervous a temperament, and that with all his accomplishments Lord Clarendon should be justly obnoxious to the imputation of being timidly sensitive and habitually indecisive. His own word "drifting" exactly describes the character of his mind. Nature gave him a graceful presence, with a slender body, and the outward show of a refined disposition. Bred to the labor of the desk, commencing his career as a "Commissioner of Customs," and employed for many years only upon commercial details, Lord Clarendon may truly be registered as eminent in the secondary qualities of statesmanship, but not capable of predominating in great affairs. In matters of subordinate importance his Lordship has the sharpness of a special pleader, and he fancies himself actively engaged in real business when he is only giving an unnecessary discussion to trivial matters which other statesmen would properly disregard. But when public passions are aroused, when the blood of large communities is quickened by revenge, vainglory, or ambition, in these grave emergencies a man like Lord Clarendon has not the masculine nature which can grapple with

violence, and, by inborn prowess immediately exerted, daunt adversaries, inspire friends, and triumphantly overthrow vast obstacles.

It is, therefore, a real public misfortune that a man like Lord Clarendon should at this critical juncture be our Secretary for Foreign Affairs. His natural feebleness leads him to avoid issues, and to postpone difficulties, until a point has been reached when it is impossible for either party to recede without dishonor. He thinks it the perfection of cleverness to invent some petty trap for a strong opponent, who at the proper moment contemptuously kicks the stumbling-block out of his way. He is ingenious, but not profound; he is clever, but he is not commanding; he is active, and stocked with attainments, but he is not original, nor full of resources. He put down Mr. Smith O'Brien, but Lord Clarendon had thirty thousand regular troops, sixteen thousand police, and the Orangemen of Ulster, with Lord Enniskillen at their head. The Whigs wanted a Foreign Secretary: Lord Granville had not the talents for the office; circumstances had rendered Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell "impossible" in the position; and Lord Clarendon was hastily gazetted to the post. History will yet record the effects produced by "the miserable Clarendon capitulation," which in itself was the last of a long series of concessions to the superior ascendancy and vigor of will shown by the representatives (*both in London and Paris*) of the Imperial Court of the Tuileries.

Never, therefore, was a Minister less suited than Lord Clarendon for dealing with a community like the Anglo-Saxon race of the United States. Lord Clarendon does not believe in public passions. It is a proof of the narrowness of his nature that he does not at all appreciate the volcanic power with which "sentiment" inflames masses congregated in society. Lord Clarendon, in his views of mankind, is only an economist. At the Board of Trade, or in the office filled by Sir Cornwall Lewis, his Lordship might work with the talents adequate to such posts; but statistics, and proficiency in Adam Smith and his commentators, will not give the hardy qualities peculiarly needed at the present eventful crisis by a Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

In intercourse with individuals we admit that Lord Clarendon may have some small show of success. His Lordship is specious, and apparently conciliating, but his courtesy and condescension are overdone. His reputation for insincerity may possibly be exaggerated, though it is apparently confirmed by the unfortunate episodes in which his confidential Corry Connellans and Birches

played their peculiar parts. We cannot forget, also, that Lord Clarendon is, in the eyes of the Whigs, only a tolerated Minister of State. He is essentially a professional politician, and has been aptly called a "first-rate aristocratic clerk." That is, certainly, near his exact measure. He did not win his rank by Parliamentary services; he has no followers, nor is he the elected chief of a particular connection; neither is he an orator, brilliant in reply, or formidable in attack; but he is assiduous, and habituated to the desk, and is, beyond doubt, a capital clerk.

In his Irish Viceroyalty Lord Clarendon betrayed all the infirmities of his fidgetty and nervous disposition. Even already the same fluttering sort of mind has been revealed in this American complication. Fear is a rash counsellor, and, at such a time, we distrust a man of Lord Clarendon's characteristic nervousness.

From The Times, 7 June.

#### AUSTRIA AND ITALY.

Or the five great Powers which govern the European world, Austria is certainly the one which best exemplifies the saying about the little wisdom of rulers. The events of the last eight, and especially of the last two years, would seem sufficient to enlighten a State which more than any other has need of political observation. Austria is an empire composed of provinces which have little in common. The Bohemian and the Galician, the Hungarian and the Milanese, when they meet at Vienna, understand neither the language of the capital nor of each other. There are as many dissensions as races; but, whatever may be the mutual dislikes of the subject peoples, they are as nothing compared with the animosity which more than one of them feels towards the central authority. Austrian statesmen, in addition to this knowledge, have the experience of the late war. The Holy Alliance is gone, Vienna is at feud with Berlin, and on the side of St. Petersburg she must prepare for all that friendship turned to hatred can effect. Prudence required that Austria, when she declared against Russian aggression, should declare also against that system of leaden repression of which the Czar Nicholas was the animating spirit. But Austria has not learnt or forgotten as much as prudence would have taught her. Although the ally of a kingdom whose boast is liberty, and an empire which has sprung from revolution, she still keeps to the watchwords which were in fashion 20 years ago. The circular we publish elsewhere, which the Cabinet of Vienna has addressed to its representatives at

Florence, Rome, Naples, and Modena, might have been penned in the days of Laybach or Verona.

There may, indeed, be some excuse for the statesmen of an ancient empire, and the advisers of him who according to the herald's code, is the first of European Monarchs, if they feel some irritation at the part which a secondary State has played in the affairs of Italy and the world. The representative of the Cæsars may be a much greater man than the Duke of Savoy, and Vienna may be fairly indignant at the destiny of Southern Europe being sketched in a memorandum emanating from Turin. But politicians who have seen all the changes and chances of these modern days, who contemplate ancient dynasties in exile, and a Transatlantic republic propounding new maxims on the law of nations, might be supposed to be actuated by other motives than traditional pride, and an enmity which is now impotent to effect its objects. We cannot but feel that the Austrian politicians let slip a great opportunity when they determined to shut their eyes to the new situation in Europe. They might have taken the lead in those changes which are now inevitable; instead of this, they place themselves in opposition, and every year must bring them new mortifications, or perhaps menace them with a calamitous struggle. It will be remembered that Count de Cavour spoke boldly at the late conferences on the state of Italy; he also presented to the English and French Plenipotentiaries a document in which the faults of the Italian Governments and the necessity of a reform were clearly exposed. The Cabinet of Vienna has published a manifesto which is merely an irate criticism on these proceedings. It is asserted that the Sardinian statesman had declared that his country was separated from Austria by irreconcilable differences of political system. "Very true," says Count Buol; "we cannot do otherwise than subscribe to the opinion which he expressed as to the insurmountable difference which separates us on the field of political principles." Thus the position of the two States is at once defined by Austria. What is evidently an exaggerated version of Count de Cavour's language is put forward, and exultingly accepted by the Austrian Minister as exactly expressing his own ideas. Such a cavalier beginning is of course followed by high-toned denunciations and threats. Austria sneers at an alleged assertion of Piedmont that extreme measures might be resorted to, the consequences of which might be incalculable. The Emperor will not concede the mission of speaking in the name of Italy. Then follows what might seem a piece of banter. Austria is anxious



to respect the independence of each Italian State, and is willing to make an appeal to their impartial judgment whether the Imperial influence and military occupations shall continue or end. The Emperor consents to lay the case, not before the great Powers of Europe, not before any fair representatives of the Italian people, but before the Pope, the King of Naples, and the potentates of Florence, Parma, and Modena. Really, it would seem as if Count Buol thought he had only the drawing-rooms of Vienna to deal with! Such sophistry can have no effect on Europe in general but to lower the position of the man who uses it and the Sovereign who permits it to be disseminated. It gives no high notion of the Austrian Minister's tact to find him making a proposition the absurdity of which any diplomatic tiro among his opponents can at once expose.

But a similar kind of reasoning runs through the whole dispatch. We might fancy that Count Buol has carried away some feeling of irritation from the Paris Conferences, for he is continually quoting the Count de Cavour. Instead of regarding the position of affairs in a statesmanlike and manly spirit, he is always dwelling on what the Piedmontese Plenipotentiary said, and inveighing against his doctrines. The Count de Cavour had asserted that the presence of foreign troops in a country created discontent. Any man of any nation may judge for himself whether this is not likely to be true; but the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs thinks it would be "much less distant from the truth to make use of a completely opposite reasoning." According to him, military occupation is necessary on account of the revolutionary intrigues, which are fostered by such "incendiary speeches" as those delivered at Turin. Count Buol compassionately admits that the language of the Sardinian statesman might be occasioned "by the necessity of a Parliamentary victory," but he feels bound not the less to

declare the present determination of Austria. The Emperor always has, and always will, give armed assistance to States which demand it against foreign or domestic enemies. It is enough that Austrian troops are always withdrawn when the legitimate authority is in a condition to maintain order. As Tuscany was evacuated when the Grand Duke was secure, so the Papal State will be abandoned "when the Government of that country shall require no further assistance against the attacks of the revolutionary party." Austria will await with firmness the progress of events, certain that the attitude of the Italian Governments will not differ from her own.

What need is there for adding more? We have quoted enough to show that the Imperial Cabinet has taken its stand on the old ground of immobility and repression. It is no breach of international etiquette to say that such a proceeding is a challenge to those who have advocated reforms in Italy. Austria will yield nothing. With her the State is the Monarch or camarilla who may chance to govern; she knows and is determined to know nothing else. The people have no rights; any concession must be regarded as a favor which the Sovereign has conferred, and which he may cancel at will. In the whole of this document Count Buol never once recognized any right, sentiment, or aspiration disuniting from the governing Power. Such phrases as "anarchy," "revolution," "criminal hopes," "angry passions," are all that he has to apply to the most cherished feelings of twenty millions of sensitive and highly-gifted men. It is plain that improvement and national content in Italy have yet many and weary obstacles before them. But Austria may discover that she has ill-chosen her part. She has offended the greatest of despotic monarchies past forgiveness. She is now repulsing those free nations which were willing to welcome her as an ally.

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DISPOSE OF YOUR WEALTH IN TIME. — Leave the world as you found it: and seeing you must go naked as you came, do not stay for Death to pluck off your clothes; but strip yourself, and owe your liberty to your own hands. It will not be long, you are well assured, ere that debt to nature must be paid; and then there cannot be a greater contentment, than to feel that you are your own at that hour; that you can dispose of yourself to God without any let or hinderance, and that you can die in the freedom wherein you

were born. If you stand engaged to the world, it will be sure to put in its claim and challenge an interest in you at that time. It will let you know that it is your mistress, and still requires your service. And therefore, follow your resolution, and forsake it betime; that so it may not give you any trouble then, but suffer you to go out of it as quietly and with as little care as you came into it. — *Patrick's Parable of the Pilgrim.*

## PLAN AND OBJECT OF THE WAR IN KANSAS.

[The following correspondence took place early in 1855, and shows that all which has since happened in the way of Civil War, was intended at that time. These letters have now been published by Mr. Atchison, without the knowledge or consent of Mr. Lawrence; but we cannot regret it, as the true ground of both parties in this controversy is clearly stated.]

It has been seldom that we have touched upon a matter now becoming of engrossing importance; but, as we perceive that the NULLIFIERS have obtained possession of the machinery of the Democratic Party, and have succeeded in inflaming the public mind at the South, we desire to take this opportunity of assuring our brothers in that part of our country, that there is no design by the majority in the North to interfere with the "*peculiar institution*" in any of the States. People here only desire that it may continue to be *peculiar*. Let us join, South and North, in branding as traitors all who plot for dissolving the brotherly love which constitutes THE UNION.—*Living Age*.]

COTTAGE FARM, NEAR BOSTON, }  
March 31, 1855. }

Hon. D. R. Atchison, Platte City, Mo.

Dear Sir,—I take the liberty to address you upon a subject in which I have a common interest with yourself, viz. the settlement of Kansas. Since the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, by the last Congress, this Territory has attracted the attention of distant not less than of the neighboring States, for it is evident that here must be decided the question unsettled now, whether there shall be slave or free labor over a vast region of the United States—you and your friends would make Slave States, and we wish to prevent your doing so. The stake is a large one, and the ground chosen. Let the fight be a fair one.

It is to secure this that I address you. Your influence is requisite to restrain your people from doing great injustice to actual settlers, and provoking them to retaliatory measures, the consequences of which would be most deplorable. I beg you, my dear sir, to use your efforts to avert so great an evil.

Let the contest be waged honorably, for unless it be so, no settlement of the question can ever be final. It is already reported here that large bodies of Missourians will cross over merely to vote, that they may gain this election as they did the last. But how delusive to suppose that settlers who have come from one to two thousand miles with their families, will acquiesce in any election gained by such means, or that any future election can be satisfactory which is not conducted according to the law. The advantage of proximity is yours. Your people can afford not only to be just but generous in this matter.

The repeal of the law which secured this Ter-

ritory against the introduction of Slavery is considered by most men in the Free States to have been a breach of the national faith; and it is not unreasonable for those who have gone there for a home, to expect a compliance with the laws as they are. Those from New England have gone there in good faith, and at their own expense. They are chiefly farmers, but among them are good representatives from all professions. Some have considerable property; but all have rights and principles which they value more than money, and I may say, *more than life itself*. Neither is there any truth in the assertion that they are Abolitionists. No person of that stamp is known to have gone from here—nor is it known here that any such have gone from other States. But oppression may make them Abolitionists of the most dangerous kind.

There has been much said in regard to an extensive organization here, which is wholly untrue. I assure you, sir, that what has been undertaken here will be carried on fairly and openly. The management is in the hands of men of prudence, of wealth and of determination. They are not politicians, nor are they aspirants for office; they are determined, if it be possible, to see that justice is done to those who have ventured their all in that Territory. May I not hope, sir, that you will second this effort to see that the contest shall be carried on fairly? If fairly beat, you may be sure that our people will acquiesce, however reluctant; but they never will yield to injustice. Respectfully yours,

AMOS A. LAWRENCE.

PLATTE CITY, Mo., April 15, 1855.

Amos A. Lawrence Esq.,

Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 31st March last has been received, and would have been answered promptly, had I not been absent for the last ten days.

Although I have no personal acquaintance with you, I have yet heard enough of your history and character to entertain a high regard for you. I doubt not that you are actuated by kind and noble impulses and generous sentiments; but upon the question of "*Slavery*," by a mistaken judgment.

You say that you have a "common interest with myself in the settlement of Kansas." This I admit; but your interest is not equal to mine. I live within a few miles of Kansas, and have a few slaves. You have none, (at least black ones). You have not the hazard of good or bad neighborhood to encounter. I have.

You say, "since the repeal of the Missouri Compromise by the last Congress, this Territory has attracted the attention of distant not less than of the neighboring States; for it is evident that here must be decided the question whether there shall be slave or free labor over a vast region of the United States, now unsettled. You and your friends would make Slave States, and we wish to prevent your doing so. The stake is a large one," &c. You are right in your conjecture that I and my friends wish to make Kansas in all respects like Missouri. Our interests require it. Our peace through all time demands it, and

we intend to leave nothing undone that will conduce to that end, and can with honor be performed. If we fail, then we will surrender to your care and control the State of Missouri. We have all to lose in the contest; you and your friends have nothing at stake. You propose to vote or drive us from Kansas. We do not propose to drive you or your friends from that Territory; but we do not intend either to be voted or driven out of Kansas, if we can help it; for we are foolish enough to believe that we have as much right to inhabit that country as men from New England. Neither do we intend to be driven from Missouri, or suffer ourselves to be harassed in our property or our peace, if we can help it. At least we will try and make you and your friends share some of our anxieties. There now exists no reciprocity between the Free and Slave States. You and your friends can leave Massachusetts, and pass through and take up your abode in Missouri or Arkansas, and our people and our laws protect your persons and your property, not only from injury, but our hospitality and kindness save you from insult. How different from your State! I cannot pass through Massachusetts or any other Northern State, with my servant, without the certainty of having him or her stolen, myself insulted, and, perhaps, my life taken. There is no reciprocity in this. Yet we are supposed to be citizens of the same Republic. Our fathers fought side by side and formed an alliance, &c.

The fight shall be as free as the nature of the case admits. Indeed there should be no fight at all. I do not desire it: but, sir, if I am met by a robber in the highway, and he demands my purse or my horse, I will not stop to ask him whether he has a revolver, but will immediately resort to the use of my own weapons, and make the best defence I can.

Your people, you say, leave their homes thousands of miles distant, and come out of the ordinary course of emigration, for no other purpose, as they avow, but to exclude us from Kansas, and overthrow our institutions. Ah! to overthrow Slavery and establish freedom, as they say.

At the election last Fall for delegate to Congress, it is a fact beyond controversy that many, very many, Northern men came from New England, New York and other remote points, to vote, and for no other purpose; for not less than one hundred and fifty of them left for the East, together with their candidate, on the day after the election.

Now, was it right for the Abolitionists, one thousand miles off, to come to Kansas to vote us out of that Territory, and wrong for the people of Missouri, living in sight of her green hills and broad prairies, to go there to secure their homes? Answer this, if you please. "You say that my influence is requisite to restrain your (our) people from doing great injustice to actual settlers," &c. My influence shall be used to prevent injustice to all actual settlers who come to Missouri or Kansas to improve their condition, whether they be from the North or the South. But let the settlers be sure that they do

not come with the express purpose of doing great injustice to us. If so, they deserve, and shall have no protection from me. The crusade, preached by Peter the Hermit, and headed by Walter the Pennyless, was just, righteous, and holy compared with the Northern crusade to Kansas and against Missouri and other Slave States. Peter complained of exactions, oppression and outrage upon the Pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre by Infidels. To redress those grievances he preached his crusade, but you and your friends have no such grievances to complain of whatsoever, in the South or the Territories. When you come among us you are greeted as friends and treated as brothers, unless you come with the avowed purpose of doing wrong to us.

Now, sir, fanaticism preaches: the *Three Thousand Peters* of New England and the *Abolition Battalions* of Walter the Pennyless, will, I doubt not, meet the fate of their prototypes. Indeed, they have already, to some extent, met it; you say that "proximity is ours, and that we can afford to be not only just but generous." We can and we will not only be just and generous—we will *protect ourselves*, and do the least possible injury to the persons and property of those who are neither just nor generous. For just and generous men will not come from Massachusetts to war upon the rights of men who never wronged them. You say that "the repeal of the law which secured this Territory against Slavery is considered by most men in the Free States to have been a breach of National faith?" The history of the country, the public records, show this to be a mistaken assumption. Did it never enter into the heads of men in the Free States, that the enactment of the law which was repealed was a gross violation, in the first place, of the National faith, and that the disgraceful "statute" should long ago have been expunged?

You say that "those who go from New England to Kansas have gone in good faith, and at their own expense," &c. This may be, and I doubt not is true in many instances, for I do not for one moment suppose that you would knowingly misrepresent, yet you may not be fully informed. You further say, "neither is there any truth in the assertion that they are Abolitionists. No person of that stamp is known to have gone from here." Now, my dear sir, we may not exactly agree as to the term "Abolitionist;" but I care not how this may be settled—a man coming from Massachusetts or South Carolina to settle in Kansas, with the express purpose of excluding slaveholders from that Territory, and, by means of his influence in that Territory, abolishing Slavery in Missouri, I regard as an "Abolitionist," and an enemy to justice and right and the Constitution and Union of these United States.

I respect a man who is willing to overthrow our Government, involve the United States with each other in civil war, that African Slavery may be abolished. So I would admire the man who would declare it wrong, and who would stake his life and his property on the proposi-

tion, that it was sinful and against God's law to butcher a calf or slaughter a lamb. The term "Free-Soiler" is to me far more odious than "Abolitionist." The one implies something of honesty, the other all of knavery and hypocrisy. I do not know what organizations you may have for the purpose of abolitionizing Kansas. But most assuredly we have seen in the Boston and other Northern papers, and heard from Northern men, that companies have been chartered, and by some of your Legislatures, the object of which was to colonize Kansas with Abolitionists.

And we have certainly seen notices of public meetings called to organize what they termed "Emigration Aid Societies," one of which had F. P. Blair for President. You say that "what has been undertaken here (Boston) will be carried on fairly and openly. The management is in the hands of men of prudence, of wealth and determination," &c. Now, my dear sir, let me assure you that the management of our affairs here, to meet your movements in the North, is also under the control and direction of prudence and determination. We have not much wealth amongst us, but we have a sufficiency, and we will see that justice is done to your people and ourselves, and when we are fairly ruined by your power we will then acquiesce, but not till then.

In conclusion, I would say that you and your people are the aggressors upon our rights. You come to drive us and our "peculiar" institution from Kansas. We do not intend, cost what it may, to be driven or deprived of any of our rights. Missouri will never again compromise or concede. We are and intend to remain your equals. Since the war of the Revolution you have done nothing for the extension and glory

of the Confederacy. In the war of 1812, except a few of your sailors, you did nothing. In the contest with Mexico, Massachusetts, with the exception of a mutilated regiment was not in the war, and your peculiar friends did not aid in raising and equipping that regiment. When territory is purchased with our money and our blood, you are for monopolizing it. I may be somewhat unjust in the foregoing remarks, but such is my recollection of history. If I am wrong you can correct me. The sin of Slavery, if a sin, is ours, not yours. Your fathers sold their slaves, and ours bought them. If you consider Slavery in Missouri or Arkansas a grievance to you, say at once that we must free them or you will separate from us. Do this and you will act like honest men, and we will meet you half way. We cannot ever maintain this state of *quasi* peace and *quasi* war.

I have been informed that you have an income of \$100,000. Let me suggest that you purchase \$90,000 worth of negroes; come out to Kansas: feed and clothe your slaves well; give them employment; build for them and yourself good houses; improve their condition; build for yourself fine barns and stables; cover the prairies with wheat, hemp and corn; feed your cattle on a thousand hills; assist your poor neighbor; and my word for it, you will do more good for your race, both white and black, than you are doing or can do in Boston. I should be happy to have you for a neighbor; and you will find as much good among slaveholders as you have found among non-slaveholders. At least you will have tried an experiment.

Your obedient servant,

DAVID R. ATCHISON.

**THE BROUSIL FAMILY.**—Juvenile prodigies are so common in music, that in truth they are no prodigies at all. For one Mozart, there are a hundred others, forced by hotbed culture into immature precocity by money-getting parents, shown about for a few years, and no more heard of. Very different from these are "the Brousil Family," now performing daily at the Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street. They are the children of an honest-looking, simple-minded Bohemian, and are as engaging and interesting a group as it is possible to see. Like all Bohemian children, they have learned music with their alphabet; and their proficiency, extraordinary even in Bohemia, is here nothing less than marvellous. There are six of them—the eldest a girl of seventeen, the youngest a boy of six. The eldest seems to take a motherly care of her young brothers and sisters, and accompanies them very well on the piano. The second girl, about fourteen, already plays the violin almost as well as Teresa Milanollo; admiration of whom, it seems, induced her to make the violin her instrument. Her eldest brother, a year younger than herself, is an admirable violoncellist; the next boy plays the tenor part on the viol da gamba; and the youngest boy and girl, infants of six and seven, play the violin

under-parts, accompanying with the intelligence, precision, and firmness of veteran players. They perform the best solo and concerted music of the great masters, and it is impossible to listen to them without admiring delight.

Bohemia is the most musical country in the world, and there is no country where musical education is so general. "Being," says Burney, "very assiduous in my inquiries how the common people learned music, I found out at length, that not only in every large town, but in all villages where there is a reading and writing school, children of both sexes are taught music." He describes one of these schools—"It was full of little children, from six to ten or eleven years old, who were reading, writing, playing on violins; hautbois, bassoons, and other instruments. The organist had in a small room of his house four clavichords with little boys practising on them all: his son of nine years old was a very good performer." Thus we have such families as the Brousils accounted for. But the question remains, has the national system of education created the musical character of the people, or has the musical character of the people led to the national system of education? A just understanding of this point might be of use to us at home.